METRO GOLDWYN MAYER ENTERTAINMENT CO.

FATAL BEAUTY

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by

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Based on a screenplay by Hilary Henkin

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REVISED SCREENPLAY

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FATAL BEAUTY

LOS ANGELES - INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND

Vast, desolate asphalt -- cracked into myriad patterns. Broken, rusted trailers and gutted service buildings are dispersed at odd intervals. It is dusk and heat still rises from the scorched earth. In the distance massive petroleum cracking plants squat, festooned with lights like launching pads. Flames from gas towers stand out against a sky reddened with waste. It looks like the end of the world... Into this frame, huge and ominous, struts a chicken, moving like some preposterous dinosaur in the extreme foreground. It pecks at something and clucks stupidly as a speck of light emerges into the distance and grows larger. The light soon becomes the headlight of a Harley-Davidson motorcycle -- which rushes towards us seemingly ahead of its sound. The chicken flutters away just in time as the heavy, chromed machine slides to a stop and a booted foot occupies the bird's space.

CUT TO:

BIKER - LEADER

Blond hair swept back over cold, imperious features. The face could belong to a Panzer commander on the Eastern front of 1942. He looks to his right and left. Two more gleaming, cyclop-eyed machines appear out of the filthy heat. They roar up alongside and stop. The Leader turns and looks ahead to:

A RUSTED LOADING DOCK

stark island in the asphalt sea. Two rusted out trailers pulled up to it. Chickens run about on the dock. A ravenous MESTIZO CHILD gets up slowly from the dock holding a broken plastic robot. He backs up slowly. TWO MORE CHILDREN and A YOUNG WOMAN look out from the trailer.

THE BIKERS

Their machines thumping and clattering. The Leader turns his off. The others follow. They dismount -- steel inserts on their jackboots leave impressions in the hot asphalt. They spread out and walk forward towards the loading dock. The children retreat into the trailer.

DOCK

The Leader hops up deftly onto the dock, kicks the door to the first trailer open. It falls in. Children and women rush out like quail flushing from a bush.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Leader steps back, watches them run out onto the endless black plain. He pulls a gleaming, stainless steel Ruger 44 Redhawk revolver from under his colors, holds it back so the barrel rests on his shoulder.

CLOSE - OTHER TWO

Both blond and lanky -- evil-looking bros. They walk up slowly on the loading dock. One reaches down and pulls the sliding door which rattles up, spewing dried rust. Smoke pours out -- TWO ITINERANT MEXICAN FAMILIES look up from a crude grill over a fire. Their eyes are wide -- bloodshot and filled with fear.

ANGLE - THE BIKERS

loom over them against a sky red and purple with chemical filth. The Mexicans sit in terror. The bigger of the two Bikers takes out a large folding knife -- pulls it open -- click! He then looks down -- stomps his boot -- the families scatter.

CLOSE - CHICKENS

sizzling on the spit -- burritos laid out on the grill. The Big Biker bends down and cuts a piece of chicken away. Behind him the Leader emerges. He gets up, hands the piece to the Leader who takes it and eats it.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

The three men stare out the back of the gutted building eating chicken and burritos. The scene around them is of incredible filth and squalor. At the back of the building in what appears to be a road extending off into the distant haze and city, two headlights emerge and get brighter. The Leader looks at his watch.

LEADER
Right on time.

They walk out the back of the ravaged structure as the lights draw closer becoming -- a huge gray bus.

ROAD

The three men stand there, spread apart as the bus draws up. Now we see what the bus really is -- a prison bus! "California Department of Correctional Institutions - Folsom" -- gray wire mesh all over the windows, huge and seemingly empty. It stops. The dark figure of a driver turns around.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DRIVER
There's nobody here... This where you wanta...

A figure stands.

FIGURE
Yes.

Gets out on the other side. The driver closes the door -- pulls away into the onrushing night. The Figure stands there in a cheap prison issued suit. But this is no ordinary man: even under the ill-fitted suit we can see he is powerfully built -- like a fullback. His blond hair stands straight up and is shaved on the sides. His features are handsome, chiseled -- the good boy-next-door gone hideously evil. His eyes are cold as stone. He carries a cheap satchel. He puts it down -- looks at the threesome.

THE LEADER

His name is WOLF. He smiles and looks to his left at the tall blond one, BLOOD. Then looks back at the Figure.

WOLF
You don't look like no scooter trash, Sepp.

The Figure, SEPP, doesn't smile.

SEPP
Times have changed... You haven't, Wolf...

BLOOD
You look good. They feed you well?

SEPP
The strong always eat well... The deal still on?

WOLF
Well -- uh -- Charlie here... Charlie, this is Sepp.

The third bro seems nervous.

CHARLIE
I heard a lot about you, man...

SEPP
The deal on?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHARLIE
The place is crawling with heat, man... The Narcs are on it, man.

SEPP
You bring my piece?

He looks to each of them. Blood fumbles and comes up with 3" .44 Magnum Smith & Wesson Model 29.

BLOOD
Your old one, boss.

Sepp reaches forward -- takes it.

CLOSE - SEPP

Now his eyes gleam. With a gun in his hand he is now complete. Blood races through his veins. He tries to hide it but it's there.

CHARLIE
It's off, man... You're gonna hassle cops?...

Sepp turns sharply.

SEPP
Cops are just stinking bureaucrats with badges and guns. The deal is on.

Sepp wheels around, levels the gun and shoots Charlie twice in the chest, blowing him flat on his back.

He walks past the others towards the bikes.

WOLF
Eh, bro... You'da liked Charlie if you got to know him. He was a friend, man.

SEPP
I got enough friends already.

CUT TO:

A STREET

under the bridge-like structure of a freeway overpass. One side lined with cheap shops, bars and restaurants. The area is reclaimed fashionable -- people walk the sidewalk looking in the windows. It's hot and sticky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Into the frame comes the face of RITA -- a severe beauty, dark hair, high cheekbones, feline eyes that are always alert. Rita looks up the street and over at a vacant filling station where A FEW MEN are talking. A couple of KIDS pass her. One gives her the eye. She ignores them. Instead, her attention turns to TWO NUNS walking along the other side of the street towards the filling station.

RITA

She steps off the curb. Her outfit is tight, cheap and sexy, but every girl dresses that way here. She walks across the street weaving through the traffic with a confident sexuality -- holds her hand out to stop a car. She reaches the other side in the path of the Nuns -- between them and the Men at the filling station -- and stops to lean against the side of a building. A PUNK with slicked-back hair and a two-day -- Don Johnson -- beard, stops and looks her up and down.

PUNK
Hey, who are you?

She doesn't answer -- looks over at the station -- arguments -- words are discernible. She turns back sharply to the Punk. The Nuns are coming closer.

RITA
What're you looking at?

PUNK
No law against looking, bitch.
Why are you so hostile?

The Nuns start past.

RITA
Sure is hot... When is it going to quit... Sisters?

FIRST NUN
I... don't know... Feels like it's gonna rain soon.

Suddenly yelling from the men at the station. A scuffle -- screaming -- swearing! A shot! -- A LATIN MAN falls away from the scuffle, and rolls into the street!

LATIN MAN
Oh, Jesus... Oh, God... My legs...
I'm shot!

CONTINUED:

OTHER VOICE
You shot him... You really shot him! Get these people back!

PUNK
What the hell's going down?

RITA
Sisters, you better stay here... That's trouble.

The Nuns look frantically back and forth.

VOICE
Rita!... They don't have it! Who you got, Rita!

A MAN breaks from the group -- tall, nervous-looking, waving a Magnum.

FIRST NUN
Oh, no...

Rita's hand goes to her purse. The Punk looks at her. The Second Nun backs up -- starts running.

PUNK
No you don't, bitch.

He swings at Rita who ducks him and jams a high-voltage zapper into his ribs. He screams and twists uncontrollably.

RITA
I need some help!

The First Nun tries to take off. Rita jams the device in her neck. She hits the ground.

SECOND NUN

Running across the street, leaps over a stopped car -- habit flying up.

CLOSE - RITA

She zaps the Punk again and, after kicking her shoes off, takes off after the Second Nun, yelling at the Tall Man:

RITA
Take care of these, Mel!

The Tall Man, MEL, runs over -- handcuffs jangling -- and watches Rita as she runs through the traffic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEL
Don't shoot, Rita! There're people all over the place...

INNOCENT BYSTANDERS

hear this and duck.

RITA

pursuing her prey -- knocking a few people aside. The Nun, encumbered by her habit, pulls the hood off, revealing long blonde hair. She is quickly winded and Rita gains on her easily. She tries ducking into an alley, only to come smashing into the front of a van that was pulling out. She reels off and goes down. Rita reaches her as the DRIVER is coming out of the van.

DRIVER
What... What the hell!

RITA
Stay out of the way.

The Blonde "Nun" pulls a vicious flat knife.

BLONDE NUN
C'mon, bitch!

Rita sidesteps up and gives her a face full of chemical mace. The "Nun" screams. Rita moves in and gets the zapper into her. She writhes, screaming, helpless.

RITA

She flips her over and handcuffs her.

DRIVER
... She's a nun?

RITA
You want some spiritual advice?

She pulls up the "Nun's" habit and we discover panties with packets of white powder strapped around the woman's waist. The "Nun" is still screaming and twitching.

DRIVER
You're a cop!?...

RITA
No, pea brain. I'm with the Humane Society... Now get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE
Rita got her! Great, Rita!

Suddenly two or three more PLAINCLOTHES COPS push their way in through the quickly gathering crowd. One, heavy and badly winded, looks down.

HEAVY COP
Great job!... Look at that stuff.

ANOTHER COP
Sister of mercy.

Rita turns the girl over showing her left buttock -- where a tattoo reads: Property of Mongols Motor Family - Berdoo, with a swastika drawn inside a heart.

RITA
She took her vows all right.

HEAVY COP
Look at all that shit!

CUT TO:

STREET

Alive with bleating, blinking police cars -- uniformed cops -- ambulances. The narc team rests against a cruiser smiling, laughing, drinking beer. A UNIFORMED COP stacks the dope packets and binds them with masking tape.

HEAVY COP
Can you believe it? Twelve of them... How much each one weigh?

UNIFORMED COP
I don't know... pound maybe.

Rita, having pulled herself together, walks over as a police van leaves with the prisoners.

MEL
Hey, Rita!... You're the hero...

HEAVY COP
Have a beer. You'll make sergeant for this.

MEL
You know how fucking lucky we are... You got any idea what this is gonna look like?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rita takes the beer.

OTHER
How'd you know?... The nuns, I mean...

RITA
They were wearing Addidas felony shoes.

A COP holds one of the "Nun's" shoes up: an all-black sneaker.

RITA
(continuing)
I saw something funny about their feet from across the street.

The Uniformed Cop stands up, his package neatly tied. He starts walking away.

MEL
Oh no... I'm not letting that out of my sight. That's gonna make me head of a department.

UNIFORMED COP
All right, it's your dope. It's your responsibility.

The Heavy Cop gets into a car.

HEAVY COP
C'mon, Mel... let's go... C'mon, Rita.

RITA
Me?

MEL
Sure!... You nailed it... Don't you wanta walk in with it? This may be the biggest bust in our department's history.

RITA
C'mon.

She gets in. They pull away into the night.

CUT TO:

INDUSTRIAL WASTELAND - NIGHT

The car, driven by the Heavy Cop, runs along a service road -- a blinking thread of freeway parallel and above. But down here is the asphalt plain again -- the desert of the city where no one goes. But at night in the desert -- all kinds of creatures come out.

INT. CAR

Mel looks out and points to the freeway.

MEL
Can't you get on up at Alvarado?

HEAVY COP
No. We'd have to cut over.

RITA
Just stay next to the service road... There's a dirt road on the side. You can cut over to the on-ramp.

MEL
How do you know?

RITA
I grew up down here.

They look out -- caught in the light for a second are the fleeting figures of YOUNG KIDS -- running in a pack like wolves.

HEAVY COP
Look at that -- those kids aren't old enough to drive, but I'd sure hate to be outside of this car.

MEL
Yeah -- can you believe people drive around here without a gun.

RITA
There -- there's the dirt road.

CAR

It pulls off the service road and across the dirt, raising a cloud of dust -- as it approaches the freeway on-ramp from the wrong direction. They pull around onto the ramp only to see that the lights are off. Their headlights illuminate a barrier with "Ramp Closed" signs. Heavy earth-moving equipment -- steam roller, road grader -- sit on the ramp.

INT. CAR

Rita and the two cops look puzzled. The Heavy Cop swings the car around.

MEL
Where's the next on-ramp?

RITA
I guess about a mile down -- just stay on the service road.

CAR

Indeed the road drops off on the side where heavy pipe is being laid in a ditch. The car rides by.

INT. CAR

Rita looks about -- down at the package at her side.

RITA
This dope come from Bonhen?

HEAVY COP
That's right.

RITA
And no way to prove it.

MEL
It's off the street, isn't it?

RITA
God... if we could ever get a guy like Bonhen...

MEL
Forget it... Hey, what the... They working at night here, too?...

CAR'S POV

Yes -- there is a strong light up ahead -- coming their way! Suddenly the light materializes into an enormous dirt carrier with wheels ten feet high -- lights on the cab. Not an unusual sight, except for the fact that it's coming down the service road at about fifty miles an hour!

MEL (O.S.)
Jesus -- What is that thing --

HEAVY COP (O.S.)
He's... He's gonna...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly a bulldozer pulls up from the ditch at their side. There's nowhere to go.

HEAVY COP (O.S.)
(continuing)
... hit us!

CAR

The dirt carrier just smashes into the car -- carrying it along in a grinding crash of ripping metal and sparks. The bulldozer is too slow -- but follows.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

The car smashes up against the freeway columns -- and one huge wheel grinds up, crushing the driver's compartment as the Heavy Cop screams.

Mel screams hideously as the great machine comes to a stop -- the engine idling like a panting beast. The bulldozer -- blade down -- pins what's left of the vehicle as the DRIVER of the dirt carrier stands up cackling -- wearing a werewolf mask!

CLOSE - RITA

smashed up and trapped in the back seat. She moves and looks out as the enormous blade lowers past the window to reveal Sepp under an Adolf Hitler mask. He dismounts the dozer and draws his pistol.

SEPP
Look what we have here.

A car pulls up -- lighting everything harshly. Mel screams and moans in agony. A flashlight flickers through the car.

WOLF (O.S.)
Hey, there's a chick in the back.

Sepp leaps up on the roof of the car. Rita winces as his feet push the roof down with each step. Suddenly he is on the other side --

BLOOD (O.S.)
Driver's squashed to juice, huh, Wolf?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOLF (O.S.)
Yeah -- but that chick looks fine -- She's probably got a piece.

The cocking of a hammer.

SEPP
No... I'll take care of this.

CLOSE - SEPP

His Hitler visage is emotionless. He raises a switch-blade stiletto -- snick --

BLOOD
You gonna shank her man?

SEPP
Get that bitch out of there.

CLOSE - CROWBAR

rips at door -- smashed window falling away. Rita pulls back away from the huge mask of Wolf.

WOLF
(smiling)
It's Miller time!

ANGLE

Rita is pulled from the car -- bloodied and torn, shocked and broken. She offers hardly any resistance.

BLOOD
Hey -- She's good looking -- I men she's a bad old lady.

Blood leans over her wearing a Porky Pig mask.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLOOD
(continuing)
Wouldn't you like to be my old lady -- I bet you would. I could just lick you to death.

Wolf comes back up with the package.

WOLF
Look at all that shit.

BLOOD
Hey, man, what about her?

CUT TO:

FREEWAY - PILLAR

Rita chained and tied to the pillar -- a makeshift black hood over her face. Her dress is torn and her feet are tied apart. Sepp leans in close.

SEPP
I could rape you. You understand that.

She doesn't respond.

SEPP
(continuing; soft)
I said, bitch, do you understand?

He runs the knife between her breasts.

SEPP
(continuing)
Understand?

She nods yes.

SEPP
(continuing)
Good... Then I already have... Now you tell the story just like it happened. You let your office boys know there's good reason to be afraid of the dark.

He leaves. A truck light flicks on and Blood motions from the driver's seat. It says Neary Bros. Heavy Construction on the side. Wolf rides in back. Sepp jumps in and they roar off. Rita's hooded head slumps forward.

CUT TO:

PACKET OF DOPE

lying on a table -- medical equipment -- gauges -- scales -- test results and analyzing equipment. A police lab -- SERIOUS LOOKING MEN lean over the table.

FIRST LAB MAN
Where'd they find this?

SECOND MAN
It was on one of the mules -- dealer sample. Lucky break.

THIRD MAN
So, what about it?

SECOND MAN
Puro -- and much worse -- it's synthetic -- sort of a high tech speedball... People will die Especially when they turn it into crack. Some will make it, some won't - could be very popular.

FIRST MAN
So, we have less problems.

SECOND MAN
Yeah, don't be so fucking cynical ... This shit will go everywhere ... This is a plague, boys.

THIRD MAN
Not yet.

SECOND MAN
Don't kid yourselves -- two good men dead... The people that have this stuff wanted it bad... How's the girl officer... What?

FIRST MAN
Rizzoli... Rita Rizzoli... You know, that nice looking brunette ... works narcotics out of Ecllenbeck. She'll be alright, they say... I don't know.

CUT TO:

EOSPITAL ROOM

Rita -- sleeping as the pink light of dawn pours through venetian blinds. Suddenly she wakes up from a nightmare -- screams -- catches herself and sits straight up, staring ahead.

CLOSE - RITA

The hollow eyes -- the look of fear and anger -- and then no emotion at all. A real thousand yards stare.

CUT TO:

STREET - DAWN

The empty area -- tracks -- endless abandoned factories. The construction truck roars along with the three predators inside, looking straight ahead. They pass clumps of cheap housing scattered in the emptiness.

CLOSE - THE THREE

Wolf lets his hand ride the wind making airfoils accompanied by his jet sounds.

BLOOD
It's sooo hot.

SEPP
I don't remember it ever being humid like this... There must be a storm coming from Mexico.

BLOOD
We need air conditioning.

SEPP
We need to get out of this thing.

WOLF
We need new wheels... There, stop!

He points.

SMALL ALL-NIGHT MARKET

A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN is loading groceries into a sedan. The boys screech into a turn and jump the curb, barreling down straight at her.

CLOSE - WOMAN

She screams, throws herself to the side as the truck smashes the shopping cart through the air. The boys leap out. She stumbles to her feet.

WOLF
Gimme those keys, mama!

She fumbles, he grabs her purse. Blood and Sepp jump in the car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEPP
Already got 'em.

WOLF
Don't remember nothing, mama...

WOLF
(continuing)
... The devil'll get you.

He jumps in the car -- they roar off.

BLOOD
Let's party.

WOLF
Yeah, party.

CUT TO:

CENTRAL NARCOTICS

A huge room filled with desks. NARCOTIC OFFICERS SECRETARIES move about -- a day beginning -- But one thing is different: they all look at Rita -- occasionally they whisper to one another. Rita sits at a desk outside the Department Director's office. The door opens and the DIRECTOR and a SECRETARY step out. The Director is a middle-aged Japanese man with a powerful bearing -- COMMANDER MITAMURA.

MITAMURA
Officer Rizzoli?

RITA
Yes.

MITAMURA
Well -- I didn't expect to see you so soon -- I was going to send some people to the hospital.

RITA
I'm here...

There is a long, uneasy silence.

MITAMURA
Are you alright, Officer Rizzoli?

She nods -- but looks straight ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITA
I'm fine -- I need to know... what's going to... happen.

Mitamura stands up -- paces -- sees people are listening -- thinks about it -- then turns to her.

MITAMURA
You think you'll be fired, don't you?

She looks up.

MITAMURA
(continuing)
Two men dead -- You had no business carrying that dope -- You took a shortcut -- whose idea?

RITA
Mine.

He nods.

MITAMURA
Didn't take anyone along -- no other squad cars?

RITA
No.

MITAMURA
You won't be fired -- You can relax about that...

She starts to cry -- sniffling -- trying to hold it back.

MITAMURA
(continuing)
You're a tough cop... good... I've read your file. It's not a matter of whether you were careless or not... That's the past. Look up here.

She does -- tears streaming down her face.

MITAMURA
(continuing)
Are you operational?

RITA
Operational?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITAMURA
Functional... Tactical... Can you do what you did yesterday?

RITA
I think so.

MITAMURA
Then I'm sending you back into the field. You're a dangerous person, Miss Rizzoli... Rita... You know how serious the other side is. I'm assigning you to Sergeant Roosevelt, to work on your own case. He's very tactical, and that's what you need.

CUT TO:

YUPPIE APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

somewhere in the vast Valley. Middle-class -- redwood siding -- central pool and jacuzzi surrounded by nice-looking YUPPIES -- boys and girls -- all health oriented. Various weights, exercycles and so on stand around the pool. From one of the second floor windows comes loud, hideous 60's Rock and Roll - "IN A GADDA DA VIDA" By Iron Butterfly. The Jocks are somewhat disturbed.

FIRST YUPPIE
Can you believe that?

YUPPIE GIRL
That girl is trash.

CUT TO:

INT. SECOND FLOOR APARTMENT - DAY

The music is blaring -- beer cans and food containers lie everywhere. Wolf reclines on a ripped up couch staring at the ceiling. A GIRL straddles him, trying to wake him up. Blood drinks beer and is necking with a SEMI-NUDE GIRL.

GIRL STRADDLING WOLF
You think he's dead?

BLOOD
No... He's just ignoring you.

Wolf sits up brusquely and shoves the Girl to the floor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOLF
No chemicals can kill me, man -- I can put anything in my body... But that was some bad shit, man.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM - DAY

Sepp stares ahead while a GIRL rubs his back.

GIRL
What're you thinking about?

SEPP
Plans -- I got plans.

GIRL
How long you been down, man?

SEPP
Long enough to want to get even.

CUT TO:

POOL - YUPPIE JOCKS - DAY

The Jocks have had enough -- the girls are really upset.

GIRL
Aren't you going to do anything?

OTHER GIRL
I'll go up there if you guys won't -- and believe me there'll be real trouble.

A Jock gets up. Another -- much bigger, wearing running pants with a body-building physique -- stops him.

SECOND JOCK
No -- You don't know shit.

THIRD JOCK
Yeah -- let Ray go -- They'll probably eat you up, Ray.

Ray looks back, cool, and walks upstairs. He takes his watch off and puts his workout headband on like Rambo. He steps in front of the door of the apartment and knocks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RAY
Hey... that's too damn loud... You hear me, Goddammit!

No response -- the music keeps blaring on.

RAY
(continuing)
Open the fucking door!

He karate punches the door.

RAY
(continuing)
Open...

Suddenly the door opens and Ray is looking straight at Wolf. Ray is actually bigger, but Wolf is feral. Wolf acts like what he is: he simply hits Ray in the face with a beer bottle and grabs his throat with the other hand, puling him violently forward, and then hurling him over the balcony. People scream below. Wolf looks down.

WOLF
Uh -- ah... The afternoon's ruined... ruined.

Sepp comes out of the bedroom putting on his shirt -- stuffing his gun in his belt -- Blood grabs the dope.

SEPP
(to Wolf)
I just can't take you anywhere, can I?

They run along the balcony and down the stairs to the parking area.

PARKING AREA - DAY

A YUPPIE COUPLE are backing up in their Volkswagen Rabbit convertible -- unfortunate timing on their part --

SEPP
You don't need that car.

He shoves his gun into the MAN's face -- pulls him out.

BLOOD
Get out of my seat!

CONTINUED:

Wolf pulls the girl out. She screams and pulls a small can of mace. She sprays Wolf in the face. He snatches the can from her hand, throws her to the ground, and puts the mace up to his nostrils. He inhales deeply! He smiles at the girl, who scampers away screaming, and jumps in the back seat. They roar into the traffic. Wolf sits high, sticking his head up in the breeze, opening his mouth and making airplane noises.

CUT TO:

OFFICE - RITA

A small shared office in her station. Papers and file cabinets choke the space. Other people work in the background. Rita is sitting at her desk -- all the windows are open and a fan blows on her. She is looking through an endless file of mug shots -- hideous-looking white criminals. Two or three more files sit atop her desk, waiting. A COP comes in from the far end.

COP
Rita, there was a murder about the time you got hit -- unidentified biker -- gang type -- They'll have positive ID probably by tomorrow.

RITA
How was he killed?

COP
Shot twice.

RITA
Not vicious enough -- It'll never fly.

She resumes looking at the photographs, dismissing the Cop. Shortly after, a BIG BLACK MAN, huge and friendly-looking, arrives. She looks up. He wears a cheap suit stained with sweat and is fanning himself with a newspaper.

BLACK MAN
Rizzoli?

RITA
Yes... I'm --

BLACK MAN
Roosevelt -- Frank Roosevelt.

He sits down and turns the fan around on himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
God, I hate heat -- I don't mind cold much -- I can get as cold as anybody -- I like snow or sleet -- even rain. You got anything to drink?

RITA
I can get some...

FRANK
Anything -- long as it's cold.

She goes to a small portable refrigerator -- takes out a Coke and a bottle of water. He grabs the Coke.

FRANK
(continuing)
That's fine -- other stuff is too healthy.

She sits down, watches him drink the whole thing. He looks at her.

FRANK
(continuing)
Don't ask about my name -- It's a good nigger name... My mother was fond of the New Deal. Call me Frank. Rizzoli... what kind of name is that?

He looks around.

RITA
Irish.

He nods.

RITA
(continuing)
Frank, you don't look like a Narc.

FRANK
I can go in a lot of neighborhoods you can't but I don't chase no nuns. Matter of fact, I don't run for nothing. You be the rabbit -- You chase them to me and I catch 'em.

They smile at each other. Behind Rita is a green painted wall -- what looks like 40 or 50 names are crudely printed on it. Some have been crossed over.

CONTINUED:

FRANK
(continuing)
What's that?

RITA
That's my wall. Those names are addicts -- informants -- mules -- People I met. They're all dead.

FRANK
So what you write the names up there for?

RITA
So I remember them -- Somebody has to. Whenever I make a bust I cross one off.

FRANK
What if it don't stick?

RITA
I still cross 'em off.

He leans over.

FRANK
Those animals got your attention, didn't they?

She looks down -- her eyes fill up but she recovers fast.

RITA
I screwed up, Frank -- I've always heard of -- of cops who screw up, I've seen it plenty -- but it was never me... This time it was -- and this time it counted.

FRANK
You can't take it on yourself --

He can see that she does -- he shrugs.

RITA
I want them, Frank... You go after something hard enough and generally you're around when its time comes. But you gotta have the luck too.

FRANK
To hell with luck. Let's make our own. You just wait... Patience.

CONTINUED:

She stands up. She looks at him, impatient.

FRANK
(continuing)
Keep going through your files --
You might find something.

RITA
What?... A werewolf mask?... I'll tell you just like I told them. We were hit by Hitler, the Werewolf and Porky Pig -- Can we get indictments?

Frank moves closer to the window, picks up the fan in one hand, the newspaper in the other. He looks up at the ceiling.

FRANK
... When'd the air conditioning break?

RITA
Yesterday afternoon.

PAUSE. She looks at him.

FRANK
They gonna leave a stain... That's when we find 'em -- When it all leaves a stain.

CUT TO:

DOWNTOWN - NIGHT

Seedy area -- the filth and slime gather here for drug commerce. Only the desperate buy down here -- the slaves, whores, desperadoes. But like any other downtown, this is the hub of the wheel, the place where the deals are made, where distribution begins. This is the heavy industry of the drug trade.

TENEMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Now used as a retail narcotic outlet, A LINE OF LOST SOULS is moving up and back. They all look nervous, hungry, desperate. GUYS hawk from the street directing the slaves into darkened buildings. PROTECTION SQUADS move up and down the perimeter, checking the lines, making sure the addicts don't get ripped off. In the windows SECURITY GOONS look for cops with expensive German binoculars and night vision devices. Everywhere is the hint of sharp metal and explosive violence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Into this cruises a 1976 Cadillac Eldorado convertible -- a great bronzed boat of a car. In it sit "The Boys." They are dressed in sort of nice country-Western clothes -- cowboy shirts -- slacks -- boots -- hats. Actually the rich redneck style hats look ridiculous. The car stops. A YOUNG NEGRO KID and TWO OTHER THUGS walk by. The Kid shows a can opener to Blood who was driving -- runs it along the fender without touching.

KID
Finish worth a dollar, man?

He holds up his hand showing dollar bills neatly folded between his fingers as if he were going to give change.

BLOOD
What?

KID
I say -- is the finish worth a dollar?

The Kid stops to show the can opener. Sepp leans out and viciously jerks him off his feet -- and pulls him half inside the car by the neck.

SEPP
If you or anyone you even know touches this car, I'm gonna find you... Then I'm gonna drive over you back and forth until you're just wet stain on the tires... You understand that.

He lets him go. The Kid pulls away -- no expression.

KID
Say, man -- have a nice day.

He and his friends skip away.

SEPP
Now there's a capitalist -- Doesn't spend his energy where there is no market.

He sits up on the back seat.

SEPP
(continuing)
Look at this.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLOOD
Wimps, man.

He indicates the slaves.

BLOOD
(continuing)
What do you think they're all waiting for?

SEPP
They want the cure... They want purification -- natural selection ... We're gonna let them have what they want. Anyway, boys, you're gonna be masters of all that there is.

WOLF
Yeah -- I can dig it.

CUT TO:

INT. BOMBED-OUT TENEMENT DOWNTOWN - NIGHT -.A ROOM ON THE FIRST FLOOR

Within the walls that are crumbling -- sunlight streaming in, lighting up long tables -- at which are seated: KOREANS -- hard at work packaging the drug. Families -- GRANDFATHERS, MOTHERS, CHILDREN -- all leaning low over the tables, weighing, wrapping thumb-sized amounts in glassine wrap. Startling is the fact that they are all naked -- a forced measure to prevent theft.

CREW MEMBER AT DOOR
... and if you try to sneak out of here with it up your ass -- it'll burn your guts out.

The Koreans don't even bother to look up. They just keep on working with delicate, precise hands.

OUR POV - THROUGH THE DOORWAY INTO THE HALL

The Boys move through the darkened hall. Their protection: a pack of LETHAL SIXTEEN YEAR OLDS. Pass the long line of addicts and buyers snaking slowly forward towards a door at the end of the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEPP
You got to keep up. You have to get high. You have to fuck the guy who fucked you because you have to get high. You have to stay high. Then? You have to get high.

A HALF-ORIENTAL/HALF-MESTIZO THUG walks up pushing TWO NAKED KOREANS. The thug's name is BUTTON and he is obviously a "manufacturer."

BUTTON
What about the name, man?

SEPP
What... My name is Heydrich -- Rinehardt Heydrich.

BUTTON
Yeah -- I'm Button -- but what I mean, man, is the stuff has to have a name. So the word goes with it --

He makes the Koreans hold out small glassine packets and small vials with several rocks in them. On the packets we can see neatly stamped names.

BUTTON
(continuing)
"Napoleon" -- "Ecstasy" -- "Magnum"...

SEPP
Fatal Beauty.

BUTTON
Hey -- that's fine, man. You think of that?

SEPP
Yeah -- I thought of it.

BUTTON
You a poet?

SEPP
No -- I'm just smart. That's why I have the shit and you sell it --

Button backs away -- hatred between them. Sepp turns.

CONTINUED:

SEPP
(continuing)
You -- Button -- you understand that the "Brotherhood" sent me, don't you? You fuck with us and you fuck with the Bros.

He leaves.

CREW MEMBER RAPHAEL, with German Shepherd on leash, drags GIRL out of buyers' line.

RAPHAEL
Didn't have the cake (money).

BLOOD
(sweetly)
What's your name?

GIRL
Charlene...

Sepp nods, then Blood jumps the girl, literally rips her clothes off. She screams. The German Shepherd lunges at her, looking to kill, only held back by Raphael. Nobody on the line makes a move to help her. Helpless faces, drugged out with need. Like a scene from hell.

Blood drags Charlene naked to the door, tosses her out, down the stairs, towards the crowded street.

CHARLENE
(spits)
You're gonna go to hell for this.

BLOOD
I already been there. It looks just like this. Only the girls got bigger tits.

He tosses one packet of the drug to her. She scrambles for it, grabs it and disappears.

INT. HALL

where Blood rejoins Sepp and Wolf.

BLOOD
Man, these chicks today. So fuckin' lewd...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sepp calls Raphael over to him. Raphael comes closer. Blood pulls a small propane torch used for free-basing out of his pocket and whips the flames in front of Raphael's face.

WOLF
(re Charlene)
Don't let it happen again --
Cholo.

The boys continue up the line. The addicts being careful not to annoy them. They pass an open doorway.

THEIR POV

TWO ELDERLY BLACK WOMEN are counting enormous stacks of cash... pile after pile... only the beginning.

The Boys walk on.

CUT TO:

DAWN

The city -- covered in smog -- turning red.

RITA

opens her door and walks out on the balcony of her cheap apartment in the foothills overlooking the city. She waters her plants which have become parched -- puts out food for the stray cat. She looks out over the city, watching the beginning of a new day.

VOICE (V.O.)
Why don't you find someone ordinary? Live a normal life -- You've been doing this too long.

OTHER VOICE (V.O.)
What happened to that guy -- the civil engineer?

RITA (V.O.)
He wasn't my type.

FRANK (V.O.)
What kind of gun do you carry?

CUT TO:

CAR - CLOSE - RITA

She is looking at Frank as she drives.

CONTINUED

FRANK
What kind of gun do you carry?

RITA
I lost mine -- They took it.

FRANK
You gotta backup?

RITA
I borrowed one.

FRANK
Probably a Chief Special or a Colt.

She nods. He takes out a Colt Commander .45.

FRANK
(continuing)
You're lucky you're not dead -- This may not be what you want -- but it's what you need.

RITA
It's too big for my purse.

FRANK
Get a bigger purse.

CUT TO:

POLICE RANGE

Rita is firing the .45. Frank is giving instructions.

TARGET

A good group.

FRANK (O.S.)
Very artistic... When you can shoot that well -- you're shooting too slow -- Got to speed it up. Felons don't care how tight the group is.

CLOSE - RITA

The same phenomenon we had observed with Sepp: she seems to become more complete with a gun in her hand. She fires two quick shots -- a "double tap." She lowers the weapon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
That's looking better -- You ever drop the hammer on anybody?

RITA
No.

FRANK
That's all right. Most people never have and never do.

RITA
What about you?

FRANK
I been shooting people since before you was born. Now let me tell you the one important thing I learned.

She turns -- He takes his other gun -- a Government .45 -- checks it -- inserts the magazine -- racks the slide.

FRANK
(continuing)
When you really is in a gunfight, you double tap 'em -- two in the center.

He does -- two quick over into the silhouette.

FRANK
(continuing)
Then wait and see what happens. You hear the stories about officer emptied his revolver -- felon kept coming with fire axe -- huh? Well you put two in and nothing happens -- he ain't getting the message that day -- You're not communicating.

RITA
So then what -- maybe he's on PCP, or he's got a kevlar vest.

FRANK
That's right - or maybe he's just not impressed -- You change your tactics -- You got six rounds left -- go for the head -- and get artistic -- tight group. Try it.

She changes magazines, steps up, double taps into the body and puts three more slowly in the head. Safety on -- she lowers the gun.

CONTINUED:

FRANK
Never forget it -- two in the body -- one in the head. Guaranteed to leave them dead.

CUT TO:

MELROSE AVENUE - RITA - DAY

She is looking good -- sauntering down the street. FREAKS and LEATHERED LIZARDS look her over.

RITA (V.O.)
Two in the body -- one in the head -- guaranteed to leave them dead!

She stops by a cheap shop -- "Secret Treasure" -- costume, jewelry -- junk. She walks in. A MAN about forty, trying to look young but going bald, is hanging old dresses. He turns, leers at her.

BALD MAN
Boy, do you look good -- I'd never seen your legs before.

RITA
Yeah -- You like that, lover?

She looks at his "dressing room."

RITA
(continuing)
We get any more complaints from the chicks you try to peep on in here and this relationship is gonna end.

She goes to the jewelry counter -- walks behind it -- pulls out a tray of old costume brooches and earrings.

RITA
(continuing)
There's gonna be new crack on the street -- It's bad.

BALD MAN
Bad?

RITA
Real bad... bad - bad -- strong shit -- You'll hear about it, if you haven't already.

She picks up a brooch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITA
(continuing)
Have you heard anything already?

Rita pockets the brooch.

RITA
(continuing)
Too bad.

BALD MAN
You're supposed to pay me.

RITA
I'll pay you when I get results.
You got something to say, lover?

BALD MAN
What do you want from me? I'm just a shopkeeper.

RITA
You're a sex offender and a drug addict and you'll do hard time in the weight room with large muscular Negroes if the truth is known. Now you keep your eyes open and your ears to the pavement, because that stuff is coming this way. You understand, lover?

He just stands there.

RITA
(continuing)
I want you to remember one thing: I don't like you. I'd just as soon wad you up and throw you away -- So you better make yourself useful.

She leaves.

EXT. MELROSE

She walks down the avenue in the twilight. She passes THREE YOUNG PUNK STUDS in tank tops walking the other way. One of them, ZACK, turns around.

ZACK
Hey, I know that bitch.

CONTINUED:

PUNK
You do? -- No shit, man, I could use that.

ZACK
No, man, she's a Narc.

Zack turns and starts following Rita.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

He walks up to her. She notices. The other two staying behind. She is well aware. Zack overtakes her.

ZACK
Hey, baby -- don't you know me?

RITA
No.

ZACK
Well, I know you, bitch -- You're the bitch who put Bobby Kerrigan down.

RITA
You must be mistaken.

ZACK
I know who you are, Rizzoli, and I can find where you live, bitch. I can come in one dark night through your window and get my hook into you.

She walks by the car where Frank is waiting, lounging against it.

He pulls out a short carpet knife with a wicked curved blade.

ZACK
(continuing)
How would you like some of this?

She jams him in the side with her zapper. He lurches -- the blade flies. She kicks him in the crotch, then stands him up and pushes him against a car so that people can't see. In the meantime his buddies start for her, but two strong hands grab them by the hair and slam their heads together repeatedly.

CONTINUED:

FRANK
Hey, whqt's happening? On my --- You done hit your head -- Oh, you fallen down.

One has -- the other is on his knees.

PUNK
Who the hell are you?

FRANK
I'm her pimp, man -- You got any money? -- No pay no play -- Now get out here -- Let the woman do her thing, Jack.

They stagger to their feet.

FRANK
(continuing)
Shooo!

They run.

RITA
Shooo?

She turns back to Zack.

RITA
You're breathin real hard - you in love?

He grabs - she holds the zapper close to him sparking it.

RITA
You stupid punk - don't you know what's safe to mess with on this street.

She sparks it again.

ZACK
Aw - please!

RITA
I'm not safe - I can put you in jail - even just for a little while it'll be the worst thing that ever happened to you - you understand? What's you name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZACK
Zack -- I'm Zack.

RITA
You're what we're looking for, Zack -- You're gonna earn a decent living for once in your life. Let's go for a ride.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She helps him walk to the car.

RITA
(continuing)
This is my man, Big Frank -- You treat him with respect, Zack -- You made a mistake but we'll forgive you.

CUT TO:

BURRITO

steaming, covered with cheese -- the size of a small sleeping bag -- sitting before Frank. He smiles at it. Rita is handed tacos and a chili relleno.

RITA
You eat here often?

FRANK
Don't I look like it?

RITA
I'm into health food.

FRANK
Yeah... Well I'm into stealth food myself, girl. Kind that sneaks up on you while you sitting there.

RITA
I hate waiting... There is another possibility, though.

FRANK
Yeah? After thirty years you tell me.

RITA
Go to the source... This dope came from Bonhen. Bonhen Motors -- Bonhen Towers.

FRANK
Yeah -- you think I don't know about Bonhen? You think I don't know who Bonhen is? What you think I do for a living, woman? I am a Narcotic officer. I know who's in the trade. You think I don't know shit, don't you?

He takes a bite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
(continuing; eating)
I'm the boss here -- I forgot more than you'll ever know.

He takes another bite. The burrito comes apart in his hands.

FRANK
(continuing)
I can whup you, girl.

RITA
You ever get someone like Bonhen -- it'd make a difference.

FRANK
Forget it.

RITA
I could wipe that wall clean.

CUT TO:

HIDEOUS TENEMENT PAD - NIGHT

TWO SLAVES sit on a stained mattress -- filth all around them. Another, a girl, whom we recognize as Charlene (the girl who had been thrown naked in the street by Blood), leans against a cracked wall. She is obviously dead -- saliva drooling from her open mouth, her glassy eyes staring at nothing, her left arm a maze of tracks with a needle still sticking in it. The other two just look at her.

SLAVE ONE
She's dead.

SLAVE TWO
Yeah... The chick is dead, man... What can I say...

SLAVE ONE
Let me tell you, that must have been some great shit. I mean, what more could you want? If she came back now, right now, and told me it was the best shit in the world, I'd call that bitch a liar because she's been lying all her life. But this time, she was telling the truth...

A pause.

CONTINUED:

SLAVE ONE
(continuing)
Fatal Beauty.

CUT TO:

STREET SCENE - MONTAGE

As if in a dream, in slow motion: HAGGARD SLAVES look up or turn around as if hearing the "call." A car skids to a stop. The door opens. A SLAVE holds his hand out. A TEENAGE GIRL does a slow shimmy on the corner. A hand reaches out, takes money. Another fist opens, revealing a glassine packet marked "Fatal Beauty." A NEGRESS throws her head back, her hair wild, her eyes insane, her nostrils flared.

CUT TO:

CLOSE - FOOT

with a tag sticking between the toes. We pull back, revealing the figure of a DEAD YOUNG WOMAN under a sheet, stretched out on a steel slab. We are in the city morgue. From somewhere off behind the body the voice of JERRY, the Assistant Coroner, drones on, coming closer.

JERRY (O.S.)
This came in last night. Johnson has all the details.

ON JERRY

surrounded by SEVERAL OFFICERS, including Frank and Rita. Jerry is a tall, studious man with glasses.

JERRY
It wouldn't be anything special, except that we found two more this morning. Three ODs in one night in this area...

ONE OFFICER
It happened before.

JERRY
Yes, and there's been black tar heroin on the streets. Stay close, because this could be what you guys are looking for.

He pulls the sheet back. It is Charlene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY
(continuing)
Is she one of your people, Rita?

RITA
Never seen her. Why do you think she is one of mine?

JERRY
Charlene Lane. Johnson says she's a working girl for Jimmy Silva over on Melrose. You did surveillance on Silva, didn't you?

RITA
Still am.

FRANK
Silva ever make you?

RITA
No. He's never seen me. I'm still clean.

FRANK
Maybe you ought to see him.

He points to a paper bag sitting next to one foot of the corpse.

FRANK
(continuing)
What's this?

JERRY
Lunch... I'll start the autop...

FRANK
What's in there?

JERRY
... sy. We'll know... She died as happy as dopers ever get.

FRANK
What's in the bag?

CUT TO:

CAR - NIGHT

Frank is driving, Rita sits next to him. They have been silent for a while. She appears to be brooding over something. After a while she takes a deep breath and straightens up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITA
It was my dope, wasn't it?

A long pause.

FRANK
Yes.

She looks down. He looks straight ahead.

FRANK
(continuing)
Yes... They call it Fatal Beauty. Since when was it your dope?... First it was Bonhen's. Now it's Hitler's and Porky Pig's.

RITA
And once, it was mine.

Another pause.

RITA
(continuing)
... I'm gonna see Bonhen tomorrow... Alone.

FRANK
Suit yourself... Won't do any good... So what... If they weren't dying of Fatal Beauty, they'd be dying of something else -- "Ecstasy," "Megaton" or plain old smack.

RITA
But it's my dope they're dying of... I can't turn away like you... I can't wait... Fatal Beauty.

The light turns green and he punches the accelerator.

CUT TO:

A MOTEL IN THE VALLEY - NIGHT

In the parking lot, Sepp leans against a shiny new Audi 5000. He is dressed like a Yuppie -- a preppy Yuppie: tennis sweater over button-down shirt, slacks, etc... He looks fine. Wolf and Blood come out of the motel, their hair and faces are unchanged, but they too are dressed like young med-school students. They look ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEPP
You look good. Not like the mobile white trash that you are.

BLOOD
We're into commerce, business, man.

He looks at the car.

BLOOD
(continuing)
Let's get a bigger car.

WOLF
Let's get more of them... What's money for anyway.

SEPP
Don't let this life seduce you, Wolf.

WOLF
Nothing seduces me... I've had it all, man... Our stuff is bad. Do they love it?

SEPP
They love it, man... Anything that's bad and dangerous is only more desirable to them. And us, man, we are the agents of natural selection... We're cleaning the species...

Wolf and Blood start getting in the car.

SEPP
(continuing)
Wait a second.

They stop.

SEPP
(continuing)
I'm gonna need this car alone.... Get another.

BLOOD
What do you mean?

SEPP
I'm gonna see my girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLOOD
Krystal? She's still around?

SEPP
She better be... I'll find her.
Get another car.

WOLF
You want us to buy it or take it,
boss?

SEPP
The stores are closed.

He gets in.

CUT TO:

THE CITY - DAWN

Filthy as usual, choked with debris, suffocating heat. From Rita's apartment the pollution looks like a great hanging bluish-purple veil.

RITA

waking up suddenly, frightened. She sits up in bed.

RITA
(to herself)
What happened!

CUT TO:

SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - EARLY MORNING

seemingly asleep in the heavy heat. Suddenly police vans and an ambulance rumble ominously through, followed by squad cars and unmarked vehicles. As they go by, they stir up a slight breeze that gently moves a large hedge of bougainvilleas, which afterwards settles once more in the grey, oppressive heat.

CUT TO:

POLICE CARS

pulled up on a nice Valley street. POLICEMEN start cordoning off the area. Fire Department emergency vehicles stand idling, their lights pulsating. Barricades of rope and red sawhorses are erected. UNIFORMED POLICEMEN stroll back and forth. NEIGHBORS begin to gather.

CUT TO:

FRANK'S CAR

pulling through barricade and coming to a stop. Rita is out into foreground -- a sense of dread and intensity on her face. She doesn't want to know what she'll find. Yet at the same time the intensity excites her. She and Frank follow some MEDICAL EXAMINER up the steps of a nice middle-class condo complex. They find more roped off areas and MORE POLICEMEN in the process of requesting CURIOUS NEIGHBORS to stay inside their apartments. Rita and Frank walk by a PHOTOGRAPHER who is setting up a shot of a body's chalk outline on the steps leading to the pool area. Finally they reach the pool deck itself.

TECHNICIAN
It must have had a delayed effect. Considering so many of them took it, if one had gotten sick and died the others would've known.

Rita and Frank pass by rubber-sheeted bodies lying next to pool chairs. A CORONER CREW lifts a shapely girl in a bikini into a rubber body bag. In the foreground we can see six packs of beer in a cooler and a barbecue, around which SEVERAL COPS and NARCS have gathered. One is cooking.

SERGEANT
You guys are sick.

NARC
Why waste good meat...

He turns to a UNIFORMED COP, waiting nearby.

NARC
(continuing)
You want mayonnaise?

Back to the Sergeant.

NARC
(continuing)
Aren't you hungry?

Rita and Frank chose to ignore the scene and walk up to the MEDICAL EXAMINER and ANOTHER NARCOTIC AGENT standing nearby.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
They were found just like this... Just happened all of a sudden.

COP AT BARBECUE
... Who wants rare?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANOTHER COP
Make mine medium.

FIRST NARC
I'll have a rare. Take it off now... What's the count?...

His last question is addressed to the ASSISTANT CORONER who is just walking up to the group.

ASSISTANT CORONER
Seven gone... A few more that won't make it... I'd say an easy nine.

FRANK
Any of those still around want to talk about it?

ASSISTANT CORONER
Not now. Not for awhile... They're gonna be real sick.

Frank takes a few steps towards Rita who has remained within hearing distance of the group but apart from it. He offers her one of the two beers he's grabbed from the cooler. She shakes her head. At that moment Mitamura and SEVERAL OFFICERS enter the scene.

FRANK
Jesus, it's the boss... When white kids start dropping, and the boss shows up, you know we are in deep shit...

RITA
I'm gonna see Bonhen.

FRANK
I'll check on the survivors. See you at the hospital...

She walks away.

FRANK
(continuing)
... Good luck.

CUT TO:

WEALTHY HILLSIDE NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Rita drives through the gates of a secured development after showing her badge to the guard.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She drives up to a new mansion, somewhat bare of vegetation -- everything still growing -- very planned. She turns her standard narc car into a large, circular driveway where several Mercedes and a Ferrari are parked.

CUT TO:

ENTRANCE OF THE MANSION

The door opens and Rita is facing a SMALL INDIAN-LOOKING SAVAGE in the Armani suit. The man has cruel squinted eyes and his hair is tied in a pony tail down his back. He looks like a mixture of Mestizo and Oriental.

MAN
Yes?

RITA
Officer Rizzoli. I've an appointment with Mr. Bonhen.

ANOTHER ORIENTAL-LOOKING MAN appears, with greying hair, wearing an impeccably pressed formal safari suit.

SECOND MAN
You -- Officer Rizzoli? Please, come this way.

He takes her through the marbled hallway, past garish works of art -- the kind that would appear in PLayboy.

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE - POOL

Rita is led up to the poolside. A slim, handsome man with grey hair stands staring out at the city serenely. This is BONHEN -- every hair in place -- the body tanned and perfect -- gold Rolex watch.

SECOND MAN
Officer Rizzoli, San.

He turns on his heels with more than a little military precision, and leaves.

BONHEN
Sit down... Would you like a drink?

He turns slowly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITA
I'm quite alright.

BONHEN
You're very attractive.

RITA
Let's get to the point.

BONHEN
You're nervous... Don't be nervous.

He gets out of the water. He is naked.

RITA
Most men would put on their pants when they're talking to a lady.

BONHEN
I'm not an ordinary man... And you're not a lady... You're a cop... Would you like some lunch?

RITA
Do you dress for lunch?

He smiles -- picks up a towel.

CUT TO:

TABLE - VERANDA

A superb salmon is served along with a large salad. The waiter is also of the cruel Indian type with a pony-tail. The Oriental looks on.

BONHEN
I'm a vegetarian... You take as much as you like.

ORIENTAL
Is everything in order, Sah? Do you have any further use for me?

BONHEN
No, Korba, that will be fine.

He turns again on his heels. Bonhen sees that she notices.

BONHEN
(continuing)
You're curious about my employees?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITA
It's hard to get good help these days?

BONHEN
Korba is a Gurkha from Nepal and the others are Miskito Indians from Nicaragua. They are unfortunate refugees from the Marxist regime... Korba trained them.

Rita takes a bite.

RITA
To cook, I suppose... Let's get to it, Mr. Bonhen.

BONHEN
Yes. Traffic warrants? I drive fast.

RITA
Fatal Beauty.

BONHEN
Fatal Beauty... And who might that be?

RITA
Cut the crap... It's your dope... You put it on the street... We took it from your people. But it's neither of ours now and it's bad. But you already know that... Matter of fact, you know more than I do... Why don't you tell me.

Bonhen looks at her... Smiles, eating his salad.

BONHEN
You are very attractive... If you ever stop being a cop let me know.

RITA
You got nothing to lose by talking to me... It's your word against mine, and even if I was wired, it'd be entrapment... I could never get you to the station, let alone in court.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BONHEN
Yes, we both know that, don't we -- but what do I have to gain?

RITA
That shit is giving you a bad reputation, and I wanta take it off the street.

BONHEN
My reputation? My reputation is fine. It's the assholes who took it from you that are losing credibility.

RITA
They're taking your money.

BONHEN
I have some more... Look... Officer Rizzoli... You have a first name?

RITA
Officer.

BONHEN
All right... I'll tell you this... I'm just an importer and this incident has alerted me to a breakdown in quality control on the manufacturing side. Believe me, we've already taken corrective measures. We can't have products in the marketplace that display that kind of workmanship. I'd issue a recall if I could.

RITA
I'll bet you would.

BONHEN
Yes... You see, I do have to worry about this because, Officer Rizzoli, I'm a small businessman ... I'm just the little guy. You're concerned about a couple of pounds of designer synthetic called Fatal Beauty... A couple of pounds... Why do you know how many tons of puro come into this country every day?
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BONHEN (CONT'D)
They could build dunes of cocaine and heroin hundreds of feet high every year. I'm just a little man... A small cog in the great wheel.

RITA
People are dying.

He stands up.

BONHEN
People always die... You know what dope is?

RITA
I just saw a bunch of dead college kids, Bonhen.

BONHEN
That's right... That's what it does.

She stares at him -- he paces.

BONHEN
(continuing)
It's a natural enemy... Everything has a natural enemy... Deers have mountain lions... Rats have eagles ... Negroes, cheap wine and razor blades... Mexicans, hah!... the V-8 engine... And white middle-class college kids... Your Fatal Beauty.

RITA
What's your natural enemy, Mr. Bonhen?

BONHEN
I don't know... I haven't found it yet... but it's out there. Could be you.

RITA
Me?... A little narcotics officer... a girl?

BONHEEN
Fatal Beauty... What is it exactly that you want me to do?

CONTINUED:

RITA
Find it... Call me... Maybe we can both eliminate something that's bothering us. You scratch my back...

She gets up.

RITA
(continuing)
... and I'll scratch yours...

She leaves.

RITA
(continuing)
Name's Rita.

CUT TO:

HOSPITAL BED

Frank leans over. A MEDICAL ATTENDANT stands behind him. The figure of a BOY lies in the foreground -- barely seen.

FRANK
What's his name?

ATTENDANT
Robert Norton.

FRANK
Thanks.

He slightly touches the boy's arm to make him look at him.

FRANK
(continuing)
They call you Bob?... Just nod if you don't want to speak.

Bob nods. Now we see he is a young kid -- first year of college -- ordinary, scared, in way over his head and lost. He has seen his own death and it's unhinged him.

FRANK
(continuing)
I'm a police officer. My name's Frank... Well, Bob... I need your help.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK (CONT'D)
That stuff you took is still out there. Maybe some of your friends have some. Maybe they don't... But we gotta find them before this happens again. You understand?

Bob doesn't respond. He is trying hard to think.

BOB
Are the others okay?... I think someone died...

FRANK
They're all dead, Bob... You're the only one left. All your friends are dead... Was one of those girls your girlfriend? Well, she's dead... gone... We're gonna bury her, Bob.

The boy starts shaking slightly. A tear comes to his eyes.

FRANK
(continuing)
Where, Bob... Where did you all get it?

Bob says nothing. Then:

BOB
I got it from my mother.

Frank and the Attendant look at each other, and leave the room.

ATTENDANT
Why'd you tell him he's the only survivor?

Frank ignores him and walks away.

CUT TO:

RITA'S APARTMENT - DUSK

The city lights coming up through the red filth in the background. Rita pulls on a short dress and puts on her ever-present glowing red lipstick -- Rita's sign of imminent action.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK (V.O.)
(on phone)
I'm going looking for the mother now... Don't do nothing 'til I call you later.

RITA (V.O.)
Alright.

BALD MAN (V.O.)
(on phone)
There's some bad shit going down with Jimmy Silva.

(The Bald Man is the store owner-informant on Melrose Avenue previously met with Rita.)

RITA (V.O.)
What do you mean?

BALD MAN (V.O.)
Bad people... Real bad... They got him scared. He don't want no part of this bad stuff. That's what I hear anyway.

She pulls up her dress and straps a thin velcro holster around her upper thigh. Into it she inserts a small Walther TPH .22 automatic, butt down. She stands up and shifts the holster so that the weapon is concealed between her thighs. She pulls her dress down, walks and stretches to check if the gun shows.

RITA (V.O.)
But he's distributing.

BALD MAN (V.O.)
Yeah... I guess so... I don't want to get involved.

RITA (V.O.)
I do. (click)

She adjusts her dress once more and checks herself in the mirror. Then she grabs her purse and throws it over her shoulder.

CUT TO:

INT. LE PARC BISTRO CAFE - NIGHT

Filled with middle-management, hopeful climbers, and the rest of the mercilessly hip. New age PIMPS meet here to compare notes on business. Lots of Armani. Carefully manicured two-day beard growths.

CLOSEUP - JIMMY SILVA AT A TABLE - AN UPWARDLY MOBILE PIMP

Steak Tartar is served.

SILVA
Look... You want a drink or something?

And opposite him, feigning innocence in her sweet little dress, sitting and smiling demurely:

RITA
No. Thanks.

SILVA
Charlene was a sweet little thing. How're you related to her?

RITA
Blood cousin.

SILVA
(looking her over)
What'd you do in Chattanooga, Suzanne?

RITA
Oh, you know... I've got somebody down there who treats me real good.

SILVA
How'd you spell Chattanooga?

RITA
With two o's.

Long pause. Silva strokes her shoulder.

SILVA
That feel good, baby?

He puts his hand on her leg. The one with the pistol.

RITA
(invitingly)
Not as good as it could.

Silva begins to run his hand up her leg. She pulls away from him slightly.

SILVA
I could make it feel better...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITA
Yeah?..

SILVA
Sure.

His hand moves up her leg again, towards her inner thigh. Rita shifts slightly, laughs.

SILVA
(continuing)
You come with me, I'll show you.
Don't be nervous, honey...

RITA
I have a nervous disposition.

SILVA
(leans over, whispers)
I know how to handle that.

He kisses her on the cheek.

RITA
(coy)
You do?

SILVA
Uh-huh.

She turns her head. Her eyes flash with panic. She is looking for a way out but can't find any.

CLOSE - HER HAND

moving up her own leg to block Silva's.

CLOSE - RITA

She shrugs demurely. They both just sit there.

SILVA
I got a little stuff back there...

RITA
Well...

SILVA
You're gonna like it. I know that you will.

RITA
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Silva's hand, persistent, moves back up her leg... We see Rita feigning sexual excitement as Silva's hand moves higher.

SILVA

Uh-huh...
(whispers)
C'mon... You know you want to...

ON SILVA

Quite excited himself. He's growing hotter by the second.

ON RITA

Her eyes dart away -- come back.

ON THEIR FACES

Desire. Silva can hardly wait to get to her. If they were alone they would be on the floor by now. He makes his move. His hand lunges higher under Rita's dress. It stops suddenly, frozen.

SILVA'S FACE

blank -- breathing hard. He's touched the gun.

ON RITA'S HAND

up her dress, grabbing Silva's.

Time seems to come to a halt. People go about their business in the restaurant. Silva and Rita stare at each other, caught frozen for all we know in the heat of passion. They breathe harder and harder. Sweat forms on Silva's brow. His eyes begin to show panic. A WAITER passes by unconcerned. Rita's expression begins to harden with determination. Silva gasps once, twice. A shot explodes -- people scream. A bullet ricochets. Another shot. Silva's face contorts. Rita stares hard at him. Screaming, he stands up abruptly, tipping the table over. He lurches forward. A red stain starts spreading on his pants. WOMEN scream, PEOPLE run. Rita stands up, the TPH in hand. She throws her purse open and with her other hand fumbles for her wallet and badge.

RITA
Everybody out of here. I'm a police officer!... Just get out... Quick!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Some people follow her orders, others hesitate. Silva crawls away.

SILVA
Oh God!... You bitch! You goddamm bitch! I'm shot!

RITA
(yelling at the Waiter)
You!... Call the police, 911. Tell them there is an officer in need of assistance. Badge 1893.

He turns.

RITA
(continuing)
You! What number?

WAITER
(running)
Uh... 1893.

Rita sees that Silva has crawled across the floor. She calmly walks over, kicks him hard in the armpit and steps on his wounded leg.

RITA
Going home?

She turns to a CHEF who has just rushed in from the kitchens.

RITA
(continuing)
Come here!

She gestures towards a MEXICAN BUSBOY.

RITA
(continuing)
You too... Come here.

SILVA
I know my rights... You shot me...
(starts whimpering)
Jesus... I'm shot... I know my fucking rights.

RITA
(to the Chef and Busboy)
Pick him up... You got a freezer?

CUT TO:

FREEZER

Silva is dumped unceremoniously in the freezer along with the hanging meat. Rita stands in the doorway.

SILVA
Get me help, Goddamm it!... Get an ambulance. You... You bitch, you almost shot my balls off...

RITA
Break my heart.

SILVA
I'm bleeding!

RITA
I can see, and you better talk or I'll stay and watch you bleed to death. I don't care...

SILVA
(scared and hurting bad)
What...

RITA
You got some chill called "Fatal Beauty"?... You gave some to Charlene Lane...

Rita hears a siren. She looks up and back to Silva who has also heard it. A gleam of hope shines in his eyes.

RITA
(continuing)
Where and who?

SILVA
Fuck you! I'm getting out of here.

RITA
I'll kill you first.

Suddenly TWO UNIFORMED POLICEMEN come rushing in.

RITA
(continuing)
Rizzoli 1893... Narcotics, Hollenbeck... There's another suspect. He's armed. Went out by the kitchen. Get going. I'll hold this one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They move on, guns drawn. A THIRD POLICEMAN with a shotgun runs into them.

FIRST POLICEMAN
Suspect went out through kitchen.

RITA
He's armed!

SECOND POLICEMAN
It seems he has a shotgun!

RITA
Hostages.

FIRST & THIRD POLICEMEN
Hostages!

They charge away. Rita moves on Silva. She leans over him holding the TPH close to his nose.

RITA
Want a toot?

She pushes the barrel up inside one of his nostrils. He turns his head. She sticks it in his eye.

RITA
(continuing)
That better?

SILVA
Some big guys... Aryan Brotherhood ... They're crazy, man... They're nuts. I hope you find them. And I hope they find you!

RITA
Names.

SILVA
How would I know...

She grabs a loose rib steak and hits him with it. He cries out.

SILVA
I really don't... I don't know these guys, even in a nightmare...

She hits him again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SILVA
(continuing)
Jesus! Stop it!... One of them has been looking for a girl. A dancer named Krystal Sears... I think... Used to wait on tables at The Bay...

RITA
How do you know?

SILVA
Heard he was asking people about her...

RITA
Where did you pick up your shit, and how much you got?

Several OTHER POLICEMEN come in. Silva tries to scream, but she shoves the steak in his mouth and pushes him down further out of sight. Unaware, the policemen leave. The Chef rushes in, looks at Rita and is about to scream. She levels the TPH at him and shakes her head.

CUT TO:

EXT. LE PARC BISTRO CAFE - AMBULANCE - NIGHT

ATTENDANTS are wheeling Jimmy Silva on a stretcher into the ambulance.

SERGEANT
She had him in the freezer!?

CUT TO:

RITA

asleep in her apartment. The windows are open. A fan blows. The morning light streams in. A pounding on the door. She wakes up and jumps off the bed, wrapping a robe round her.

DOOR

opens. Frank sits there, sweating.

FRANK
It's nine o'clock.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITA
I overslept.

He follows her to the kitchen where she hastily gets some coffee going.

FRANK
Didn't I tell you to do nothing last night?

RITA
Yeah...

FRANK
Didn't do any good, did it?

RITA
Nope.

Frank wipes his forehead.

FRANK
God, it's gonna be a hot one again. When this ever gonna end?

CUT TO:

CAR

Frank and Rita are driving towards the Valley. The traffic is heavy. People are hot and pushed to the limit.

FRANK
I still can't believe you did all that to him.

RITA
It worked.

FRANK
He'll be loose today.

RITA
Today's too late... There must already be a warrant to search his place on the way... They'll get the dope, and dope is dope. They won't give it back to him.

FRANK
He might just sue you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITA
We'll all be dead by then. Him for sure.

FRANK
Keep it up and you know what it's gonna get you: six weeks of behavior modification in a state mental ward...

RITA
They'll have to catch me first... I'm dangerous... you armed me.

FRANK
Go down shooting.

She smiles.

RITA
You bet.

CUT TO:

GYM - MORNING

A VERY ATTRACTIVE WOMAN bordering on middle-age stands looking at us. She is wearing a hi-tech leotard outfit. A PRIVATE INSTRUCTOR is working out with TWO OTHER WOMEN in the background. The woman is CECILE NORTON, mother of Bob Norton, one of the survivors who was interviewed by Frank in the hospital earlier. It is plainly evident that this woman spends her entire life struggling to look good. A battle she will soon be losing.

CECILE
Look... I've answered all the questions before. I'm sorry about these kids. I guess I'm lucky to have my son back.

RITA
You look all broken up about it.

CECILE
Sergeant... You been outside lately? Look around. This world is moving fast... You know life in the fast lane... There's no other lane. These kids aren't stupid. Everywhere you go you see tight little asses.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CECILE (CONT'D)
They want what they want, and they want it now. You gonna be smarter than them? Not fucking likely. You gonna be better looking? Not in this life, darling! They don't have time to care... And they're right. This isn't the ME generation, buster... This is the FUCK YOU generation. What else can I say?... Have I answered all your questions?

CLOSE - RITA

She is losing patience.

RITA
One more, lady.

CECILE
What?

RITA
Where did you get the dope you gave him?

Cecile is taken aback.

CECILE
What... What are you talking about?... Who told you?...

RITA
He did... Your son, who is in the hospital, did... Where did you score the crack?

CECILE
Look... I know my son and his friends use drugs... You think I want him...

RITA
Where?

Cecile pauses. She looks down.

CECILE
Denny Miflin. I buy from Denny Miflin.

FRANK
Who is he?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CECILE
A teenage drug czar. That's who he is...

RITA
Where?

CECILE
Go to the Sherman Oaks Galleria. He does his business there. Ask around. That's what I do.

Rita's growing contempt for this woman is obvious, but she can't take the time. She keeps staring her down.

RITA
That's all?

CLOSE - CECILE

She is beginning to get pissed off now. She looks up, nasty, snarling the way habitual coke users do -- a mixture of paranoia, rage and a sense of fraudulent omnipotence.

CECILE
People are always gonna get high, even if it kills them. And who the fuck do you think you are to stop them? You think you're saving the world - well let me tell you bitch - it doesn't want to be saved - not by you!

She pushes Rita - Rita pushes back.

RITA
What do you think you're doing -

CECILE
Get you're hands off me! You touch me again and you'll wish you hadn't.

Rita pushes her.

FRANK
Hey Rita cool it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Cecile out of nowhere comes up with a left hook - that catches Rita by surprise sending her staggering.

CECILE
Helga - throw this bitch out!

A huge Swedish masseuse comes forward.

HELGA (to FRANK)
Ja - we leave now.

CECILE
You want some more -

She comes at Rita who deftly side-steps her and kicks her in the stomach - then wallops her with her heavy purse (.45 inside) stunning her - she grabs her arm, twists it behind her and runs her into the rail of the jacuzzi - she bends at the stomach - winding her and goes over on her back, splashing into the water. Both Frank and Helga are impressed.

FRANK
My - my - police brutality (to Helga) - You want some mama?

HELGA
I don't vant no trouble.

FRANK
You a good girl - c'mon Rita.

Rita puts her hand in her purse - the zapper

RITA
Let me get some juice into that water!

Frank grabs her.

FRANK
C'mon - Rita.

He drags her out.

CUT TO:

MITAMURA'S OFFICE - SAME DAY - EARLY AFTERNOON

Mitamura sits behind his desk, feet up, drinking an Orange Bang. Rita and Frank, sitting across from him, are waiting while he looks through some papers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITAMURA
I don't care if you torture suspects, Officer Rizzoili, because it's not gonna land in my lap. It'll land in yours or someone's above me. So you go right ahead. But you <u>will</u> pay. Everyone pays --

He puts on glasses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITAMURA
(continuing)
Actually, you did some good... We interrogated some of Silva's girls and traced "Fatal Beauty" to two crack houses that we're busting now. We took a sizable load of the stuff from Silva's place itself... and there's this, which may help you.

He hands the papers to Rita.

MITAMURA
(continuing)
Hitler's girlfriend.

RITA
She could be anybody's girlfriend ... She could be Porky Pig's.

FRANK
Why don't we stick with the dope ... Go for Miflin.

MITAMURA
These guys don't usually come out 'til after dark. Check out the girlfriend. She does modeling and dancing at these fashion shows in nightclubs.

FRANK
Fashion shows?...

CUT TO:

LATER SAME AFTERNOON - AN ANNOUNCER

Ugly, arrogantly pouting. Half her hair is styled 1930's, the other half with orange spikes. She is trying to look and sound like Bette Midler, but has a long way to go.

ANNOUNCER
Outrageous... Eat it up, sluts... This is what you came for.

RUNWAY

A MALE STRIPPER gyrates by, wearing clown pants and no shirt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He is followed by a line of SHAPELY GIRLS wearing all kinds of string bikinis, trashy underwear, etc... some of them have their faces painted garishly, others are quite good looking. All demonstrate a haughty disdain for the DEPARTMENT STORE BUYERS and FAGGOTS who fill the audience. In turn, each girl comes to the front of the stage and performs a number before joining the others downstage, to the rhythmic pounding of hi-tech black Rock. ONE GIRL comes to the foreground. She is dark, very pretty. There is something about her that might remind us of Rita, but softer. She appeared extremely remote. This is KRYSTAL. The Announcer spews out a prattle of hip obscenities. The audience either shouts or is oblivious.

CLOSE - RITA AND FRANK

They look at Krystal.

RITA
That one.

CUT TO:

BACKSTAGE

The GIRLS and BOYS all stumble back into a crowded, sweltering dressing room. Several GIRLS are changing into different costumes frantically. FAGS and HARPIES bark and swear at the girls trying to adjust their outfits. The Girls we just watched on stage fall into a heap, pouring sweat and barely able to breathe. One of the MALE DANCERS swears and throws down his clothes.

Krystal slumps onto a bench in the foreground. A FEMALE ATTENDANT helps her change her skimpy clothes. ANOTHER ONE is busy fixing her hair. Krystal looks exhausted and irritable as they all do. A MALE DANCER struts about in front of his makeup lights, admiring himself in the mirror.

MALE DANCER
What about me... Isn't anybody gonna take care of me?... I haven't been so hot since high school football.

A FAG comes over with a new plastic outfit.

FAG
Oh, shut up! You never played football.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MALE DANCER
What do you know?

FAG
I know... I know.

MALE DANCER
Where's my Coke!?... Someone stole my Coke!

FAG
I spat in it... You'll get AIDS.

MALE DANCER
It was not opened.

Krystal is drinking his Coke in the foreground.

KRYSTAL
Over here, asshole.

He looks over. She pours what's left down the sink.

MALE DANCER
You can't fuck with me, bitch.

KRYSTAL
(ignoring him)
Don't make me laugh... I'll have your arm torn out.

RITA, FRANK AND CLUB MANAGER

They are watching from a distance.

RITA
Has she been seeing anyone recently?... Unusual visitors?

MANAGER
No, she's just in a bad mood. Usually she's a nice girl. She's the nicest one. But lately she's been a bitch. Maybe that time of month.

RITA
Maybe.

FRANK
C'mon, let's talk before I die.

He is sweating profusely and fanning himself with a paper. He picks up a plastic shirt.

CONTINUED:

FRANK
(continuing)
People are supposed to wear this?

MANAGER
Some do... Some don't. Hey, there's one thing I forgot...

RITA
Oh yeah?

MANAGER
She just got a new car.

A BELL RINGS. The girls pull themselves to their feet. The faggots herd them out.

CUT TO:

CLOSE - KRYSTAL

sitting looking defensive, pretending to watch the others leave to go on stage. She keeps wiping the sweat off her face with a towel wrapped around her neck.

KRYSTAL
You got nothing to ask me about... Who I see is my business.

RITA
Who you see might be a killer.

KRYSTAL
Come off it. Yeah, I may have some friends that deal, but I don't... I'm a clean girl. I've been clean all my life.

She holds out her arm. The skin is white and smooth, without any kind of marks.

KRYSTAL
(continuing)
See?... Nothing.

RITA
That doesn't prove anything, but I'll let it go for now... However, where did you get that new Honda?

KRYSTAL
At a dealer. Where else do you buy cars?...

CONTINUED:

FRANK
What dealer?

KRYSTAL
Read the license frame next time you give me a ticket. You're real good at that.

RITA
Tough, huh?

KRYSTAL
I don't like cops. My life is my business. If I break the law, catch me.

RITA
This yours?

She holds up a dance bag. A button pinned on it.

RITA
(continuing)
"Live fast -- Die young." Cute... I could put you under surveillance ... I just might...

KRYSTAL
You don't have the bread.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - SHOPPING MALL & MOVIE COMPLEX - DAY

Very upscale, bourgeois Yuppie. Well-dressed kids in their 20's who won't leave home, spending their parents' money. Kids wanting to look good at any cost. Kids on dope -- any dope. Moving through this crowd we find Rita. She looks good, but just a little too mature and too tough to blend in this environment. Those who notice her act immediately ill at ease. She comes up to a COUPLE OF KIDS, asks them something. They shake their heads and move away. A FEW MEN talk to her. She smiles, they laugh, but soon their faces go blank and they leave. Later (dusk), another small group around Rita. Suddenly people scatter, and we discover a PUNK flat on his back on the ground, twitching. Then we notice Rita's hand slipping her favorite zapper back into her purse.

RITA
Hands off, asshole... Very painful.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As she slowly walks away as if nothing had happened, we see the ever-present Frank lingering in the background.

SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT

A GIRL, trying to look like Madonna and acting quite bored, is eating ice cream. Rita stands over her.

RITA
Miflin... Denny Miflin.

GIRL
I don't know any Denny Miflin...

She turns away.

GIRL
(continuing)
... And if I did, I wouldn't tell you.

Rita walks off in the opposite direction without looking back.

A FOUNTAIN - NIGHT

In a park, all lit up with colored lights. The mall is visible in the distance. This is not a real safe place, even if it is in a good neighborhood. Rita sits on the rim, takes off her shoes and stretches her long legs. Frank walks through in the background and disappears into the night. Rita puts her feet in the water, and looks out at the nearly deserted mall. She is tired, real tired.

VOICE
People drink out of that.

She turns. A UNISEX 17-year-old drug czar (MIFLIN) and his 6 1/4 foot SEMI-TRANSVESTITE BODYGUARD QUEEN stand silhouetted in the light.

RITA
Is it that hot?

Miflin steps into the light.

MIFLIN
It's a heat wave... People get cool where they can.

RITA
I'd like to cool off myself.

CONTINUED:

MIFLIN
That's what I heard.

RITA
You must be Denny.

MIFLIN
Only my friends know my name...
And I ain't made any new ones
lately.

He is wearing a $700 suit. His bodyguard wears a blouse, tight jeans, lipstick and cycle boots.

MIFLIN
(continuing)
His name is Nuggy... You can talk to him.

NUGGY
What do you want, officer?

RITA
Hey, that's not cool.

MIFLIN
It's obvious.

RITA
Fatal Beauty.

MIFLIN
Never heard of it... Why?

RITA
Cecile Norton says you have.

MIFLIN
Cecile Norton has a hard on for me since I was six.

RITA
They're dying out there.

MIFLIN
They love it, choking to death on the shit they're full of.

RITA
How old are you?

MIFLIN
I'm seventeen...
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIFLIN (CONT'D)
I'm a juvie, commander. But my lawyer gets more jack from me than your whole fucking department's yearly budget! So stuff it, bitch. Nuggy!

Nuggy advances. Rita casually lays her gun across her arm. Nuggy stops.

NUGGY
Tough girl... Got a gun. What would you do without it?

MIFLIN
Ohhh... It's a big one, Dirty Harriet... What kind?

RITA
Four Five... You want some?

He whips out a gun -- they come up -- nobody shoots.

MIFLIN
(snarling)
I like 9mm myself... fourteen shots, bitch... Browning High Power... You can't fuck with me in my mall.

He's backing up. Frank ambles out of the shadows.

MIFLIN
(continuing)
Brutal, huh...

Wild laughter.

RITA
We're gonna bust you... Put you in the weight room at Chino... Make you into a girl.

He is in the dark now -- neither can make a clear shot. He puts his gun away -- turns and walks off.

MIFLIN
I love it... I love big niggers...

He sees Frank.

MIFLIN
(continuing)
Don't you?

They're gone.

PHONE BOOTH - NIGHT

Frank stands near.

RITA
(in phone)
Yeah... This is Rita... You remember me, Mr. Bonhen?

BONHEN (V.O.)
Kurt.

RITA
Kurt... We've found your dope.

BONHEN (V.O.)
I don't deal dope... I'm in the automobile business.

RITA
I know... Denny Miflin deals dope. He was your boy, now he's somebody else's. But he's got your money.

BONHEN (V.O.)
What would I care? I've got lots of money and I know nothing about dope.

RITA
Of course, we'll have a warrant in twenty-four hours... We'll bust him and seize it all. But you know what they say, Kurt?

BONHEN (V.O.)
What?

RITA
The early bird gets the worm.

BONHEN (V.O.)
What do you want, Rita?

RITA
I want to know the source. The main man... same as you.

BONHEEN (V.O.)
If I find out I'll let you know... Early bird gets the worm... You're cute, Rita. You can work for me anytime, baby...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rita hangs up the phone.

RITA
Baby?... Let's go. It's been a long day.

CUT TO:

MIFLIN'S HOUSE

high in the foothills overlooking the Valley with a large deck and well-lit pool area. A KID is lounging on an expensive outdoor sofa listening to headphones. There is movement in the house: Nuggy and Miflin are yelling at each other. In the foreground away from the figure on the lounge a HEAD rises into frame. We can't see the face, but we can see the long black hair held in a pony tail. We tilt down the well-tailored dark suit to the brown hand holding a large Kukri, the traditional curved service knife of the Gurkha regiments.

Miflin, a cigarette in his mouth and a drink in his hand, is freaking out.

MIFLIN
Nuggy! Where's Sack? I haven't seen Sack!... What do I have to do to get anything done around here!

Nuggy rushes out of the bedroom carrying an open briefcase full of dope.

NUGGY
He's outside. You get him. Fuck you, man!

MIFLIN
You're going to be sorry you said that...

He turns towards the door and gasps.

DOOR

In the doorway stand TWO MISKITO INDIANS and Bonhen's Gurkha Sergeant, all dressed meticulously. The Gurkha holds a MAC 10 with suppressor on the two boys. One of the Miskitos is cleaning his Kukri. The other advances holding a length of braided leather.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE

The two Miskitos shove Nuggy, gagged, bound, struggling, into the trunk of a new Porsche. After slamming the trunk shut, they start the engine.

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE

A THIRD MISKITO holds Miflin, whose hands and feet have been tied, while the Gurkha slips a plastic bag over his head and pulls a cord around the neck, tightly closing the bag. The Gurkha and his henchman are mildly amused.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE

The killers are leaving. One of them walks to the running Porsche and puts his ear to the trunk. He hears nothing and shrugs.

Then they walk away, chattering in some exotic foreign language.

CUT TO:

MOTEL - VALLEY - DAWN

The Boys' headquarters. We see a new small Honda coming down the street. Krystal is driving. She stops the car when they reach the motel and Sepp gets out. He walks around and leans in the driver's window.

CLOSE - KRYSTAL AND SEPP

He touches her hair, her cheek.

KRYSTAL
You gonna call me tonight?

SEPP
Maybe. Might be late. I have to work tonight...

KRYSTAL
I don't care what you're dealing. Don't ever tell me. I don't want to know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEPP
That's right. You don't want to know.

KRYSTAL
Don't you ever want to live like a normal person?

He smiles.

SEPP
Why?

She starts the car.

SEPP
(continuing)
All you gotta remember is that I'm gonna take you to China.

KRYSTAL
China?... Let's try Arizona first.

SEPP
China.

He kisses her, turns around and walks away. She watches him for a second and drives off.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

The door opens and Sepp comes in. The television is going, and he finds Wolf passed out on one bed with a TEENAGER, and Blood on the other bed with a GIRL sitting on his back.

SEPP
Up... Get up!

The boys stir. The girls jump.

SEPP
(continuing)
Get out of here, sisters.

He grabs some clothes, shoves them at the teenager and kicks her out.

TEENAGER
Hey, man!

SEPP
Shut up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He turns to the other girl.

SEPP
(continuing)
Party is over, mama.

She is already struggling to get into her shirt.

GIRL
Hey, I'm his pal.

SEPP
He'll find a new one... Out!

He throws her out.

WOLF
Hey, man, that was good first class butt you just threw out.

SEPP
We gotta get on the stick, boys... I wanta see fury in your eyes.

BLOOD
Why?... What the fuck.

SEPP
Those filthy Cholos are short-changing us... We're being cheated by Mestizos! Untermench!

BLOOD
Unbelievable... Never trust anyone whose name ends with a vowel.

WOLF
(wide awake now)
No shit!... Mexicans?! How do you know, man?

SEPP
I never did trust these guys, so last night I went and scored some of our own. The homeboys are running up the price -- double what they say... Arrogant bastards!

WOLF
Whata you wanta do, boss?

CONTINUED:

Sepp puts his arm around Wolf.

SEPP
"Kill 'em all. Let God sort 'em out..." They got guns and they think they're hard. But they're weak and impure. They think they're the only bad asses around. You know why?

WOLF
Uh-uh.

SEPP
Because there're so many of them, and they only talk to themselves ... That's how they get so arrogant, so macho. They think they can win... by breeding.

WOLF
Yeah, that's right... That's what they do! They fucking breed...

SEPP
They just forget one thing: that war, real war, belongs to the white man.

BLOOD
So?

SEPP
We need better guns!

WOLF
We can score some from the Marielitos.

SEPP
Why give the Spics money. We can take them from the bureaucrats... Look up police supply.

CUT TO:

KEITH AND JENSON POLICE SUPPLY - MONROVIA - DAY

A small store among others. A UNIFORMED COP leaves his motorcycle and steps in, followed by Sepp with his hair slicked down and wearing a tee-shirt showing a cop pointing a gun and the words: "Never Question Authority."

INT. STORE

SEVERAL OFF-DUTY COPS lounge at the counter. The store is filled with posters and tee-shirts extolling the virtues of police life, like: "Have you hugged a bad guy today?" with the picture of a burly cop choking a drunk Negro with his nightstick, etc... However, the real concern of the place is selling guns, concussion grenades, nightsticks and gas. To protect all this are the usual barred windows, ARMED SALESMEN, and a cage behind them where a UNIFORMED GUARD carrying an M-16 stands.

Sepp appears utterly unfazed by all this as he watches the motorcycle cop ask for some new handcuffs, because a shadow appears covering the back wall which suddenly bursts inwards, pushed by a D-8 Cat running full out. (The Boys love heavy equipment...) Before the cops at the counter have time to react, they are gunned down by Wolf howling and wearing his wolf mask. The M-16 man comes up and Sepp drills him through the side of the head. One of the cops scrambles up behind Sepp who shoots him without looking. Blood is off the still chugging bulldozer and out the back. Sepp and Wolf grab boxed M-16s, Rugers Mini 14s, MAC 10s, suppressors, etc... All fully automatic weapons. Sepp leaps up and grabs a vintage Schmeiser that was hanging on display.

SEPP
Look, man... A Schmeiser!

SEPP (cont.)
Grenades!

BLOOD
Back there, behind the cage...

Sepp ignores his plea and goes to kick the cage in after Wolf shoots the lock. Blood backs a pickup truck through the hole in the back wall, Wolf throws the equipment in the back. Both load their shotguns on the run. (These boys have been trained well.) Sepp stacks up boxes of concussion and frag grenades.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sepp hands some grenades to Wolf. Blood climbs in the cab of the pickup.

SEPP

Let's go.

ALLEY - DAY

The pickup flies down the alley. Sepp jams a magazine in an AR-15 as they go, and pulls a frag grenade from a box. Suddenly a police car turns into the alley, all lights flashing. Blood just rams it. The impact causes the police car's door to open. Wolf and Sepp blow out the windshield with shotgun blasts and automatic rifle fire. The car is quickly riddled. They drive around and Sepp throws a grenade into the open door. They peel off sideswiping another vehicle. The grenade goes off and the road is theirs.

CUT TO:

MG MERCEDES - MELROSE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON

A white on white 500 SEC cruising down the avenue, with the boys inside, totally ridiculous in their matching white clown suits. Wolf leans over from the back seat.

WOLF
That felt sooo good...

BLOOD
Getting these threads?

WOLF
No, wasting those cops. Hell, that's what comes of spending your life giving out chicken shit traffic tickets. Sooner or later, you run out of luck...

BLOOD
What now, boss?

SEPP
We take it easy. Wait 'til dark, and visit the Nuestra Familia. See if we can start a gang war.

CUT TO:

CITY MORGUE

Jerry, the attendant, pulls out a tray on which a young, clean-cut kid rests. The PARENTS stand there at first in a state of shock. Then the mother recoils.

JERRY
Drug overdose... I don't think you will want an autopsy.

The father tries to comfort his wife, while ANOTHER LAB ATTENDANT asks them questions. Meanwhile Jerry walks over to Frank and Rita who have just entered the room.

RITA
Where's the multiple homicide from the Valley last night?

JERRY
How'd you know?

He leads them past rows of lockers.

RITA
Just an educated guess.

JERRY
You hear about the shooting in Monrovia?... Cop killers. It's terrorism. The IRA or the PLO, man... What's happening...

RITA
The heat... Must be the heat.

Jerry stops and pulls a drawer open. There he is, Denny Miflin, with his eyes wide in horror and his mouth agape. Jerry opens the next drawer and Nuggy comes out.

JERRY
Some big dope dealer... Probably only twenty years old.

RITA
Seventeen.

She smiles.

RITA
(continuing)
Educated guess.

She turns to look at the couple.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JERRY
There's another one that lost his head. Hey, you knew about these, didn't you? That's why Mitamura wanted them brought in from the Valley?

RITA
Yeah. I had to identify them... I did.

She can't take her eyes of the couple as they start walking away, the man limping supporting the woman who can barely walk. Both are weeping openly.

JERRY
Yeah. Look at that... The kid was going to Cal-Tech. Was going to be an aeronautical engineer. They spent every dime they made on him. They were so proud... So fucking proud... and now, what.

RITA
What was his name?

JERRY
Uh, Barry... Barry Sinclair.

FRANK
Just a little toot?

JERRY
Yeah... Fatal Beauty.

Rita whirls around.

RITA
What'd you say?

JERRY
I said, Fatal Beauty... Something wrong, Rita? What's with you?

RITA
Nothing... Nothing... That's what I thought you said.

FRANK
She didn't get much sleep... C'mon Rita.

They walk off. Rita cries softly. From a distance they remind us of the other couple.

CUT TO:

RITA'S OFFICE - THE WALL

Rita writes Barry's name on the wall. The list is growing.

FRANK
Why don't you write all of them up all over the walls?

He motions around him.

FRANK
(continuing)
Then, you'll be sitting in the middle if it...

She doesn't answer.

FRANK
You're the meanest white woman I ever met. How come you ain't got a boyfriend?

RITA
Had a boyfriend, once. He got killed.

FRANK
Cop?

RITA
Hell, no... You think I'd hang around with a cop?... No, he was in the Air Force... A pilot... He went in.

FRANK
War?

RITA
No... He just went in... Never had a real explanation, but he was gone. There were others, but he was the only one that was mine.

FRANK
Whyn't get yourself a new one?

RITA
I have... You're it. Let's go bust some scum.

FRANK
We're running out of leads.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITA
What about Mitamura's boys... Didn't they hit some crack houses?...

FRANK
Nothing... They didn't get anymore'n a couple grand worth... No one will talk... They all got lawyers.

Rita sits back, shuts her eyes. The heat, the fatigue and frustration are getting to her.

RITA
What do we do, Frank?

FRANK
You ever been on a coon hunt?

She opens her eyes.

RITA
No... I can't say I have, Frank.

FRANK
Well, basically you sit on a porch in the evening, drink beer, listen them howling dogs. When them hounds get that coon treed, then they start hollering diffent. Call it night music... But we ain't heard any yet.

RITA
I keep hearing something. The sound of a knife clicking open... The way he did it. I'll never forget that sound. You think people are just born bad, Frank?

FRANK
Yes. Bad is bad.

RITA
What about that girl Krystal?... She seemed on the edge like she could go either way. I was like that once. Times were bad for me... I could have been just like her... Like them...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
But you're not... Go, hassle that girl... Hound her, Rita... I'll sit over on Mitamura's porch, have a cool beer and listen.

CUT TO:

KRYSTAL

leaves her mid-city apartment and climbs in her Honda. She looks in the rearview mirror and sees Rita leaning against a parking sign.

CLOSE - RITA

She smiles. Krystal starts her car. Rita walks to her obvious narc cruiser.

CLOSE - KRYSTAL

Driving through traffic, constantly checking the rear-view mirror. Rita's is always there. Krystal speeds up, goes around a corner almost hitting a plumbing truck with pipes sticking out. She swears, looks in the mirror, swears to herself again.

STOPLIGHT

Krystal is stopped, Rita right behind her. Krystal flicks her the bird, Rita makes a V for victory. The light turns green, they drive on.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE - KRYSTAL - VENICE AREA

Krystal goes around a corner, looks back, sees no Rita. She smiles and accelerates. A bit further, she parks on a side street next to the Venice shopping district. She gets out and puts two quarters in the meter. She looks around for Rita's car.

RITA (O.S.)
You lost?

Krystal spins around. Rita is standing in the shaded doorway of some hip New Wave shop. Krystal grits her teeth and starts walking.

RITA
Just trying to help.

VENICE

They walk -- fast in the sweltering heat. Krystal can't look in the shops. She is disconcerted. Rita is cool. She is used to being the hound. LOUD BRATS ON SKATEBOARDS whiz by. Krystal ducks in a store front. Rita is almost run down.

DISSOLVE TO:

LEGS - FEET

belonging to two girls. Shapely but painfully attired. Neither is wearing felony shoes and neither is equipped for this type of long haul.

CLOSE - KRYSTAL

She stops and looks in a store window. She sees Rita's reflection. Rita walks right up to her.

RITA
See anything you like?

KRYSTAL
Get away from me... I'll scream or something.

RITA
Why don't you call a cop?

She looks in the store -- flashy trash.

RITA
(continuing)
This is not your style.

Krystal moves on.

CLOSE - KRYSTAL

taking her shoes off. Her toes are swollen. She is sitting at an outdoor cafe and drinks carrot juice. She looks contemptuously at Rita who is sitting at another table. A WAITER stands over her.

RITA
What is she having?

WAITER
Carrot juice.

RITA
I like mine with ice.

CUT TO:

NICE STORE WINDOW

-- a mannequin with a rather nice looking purple and white dress. Rita looks at it. For a second it seems as if she would like to buy it herself. The mannequin is pulled down from inside. Krystal is buying the dress.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. KRYSTAL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK

Rita sits on a bus bench waiting for Krystal who walks up holding a large shopping bag.

RITA
Expensive?

KRYSTAL
Yes.

Rita stands up and walks over to her.

KRYSTAL
(continuing)
You want to talk?

RITA
When you're ready.

CUT TO:

KRYSTAL'S APARTMENT - VERANDA

Rita is sitting on a couch just inside. Krystal opens the doors. Clouds are coming over the red sunset. A slight breeze rises.

KRYSTAL
A breeze...

She turns. AN OLDER WOMAN, haggard but still attractive, stands there in a bath robe.

KRYSTAL
(continuing)
Mom... Feel the breeze.

RITA
Nothing's moved in days... Maybe it'll rain.

MOTHER
Who are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITA
I'm a c...

KRYSTAL
She's a friend.

RITA
No... I'm not, ma'am. I'm a police officer. Narcotics.

MOTHER
(to Krystal)
Did you do something, honey?

She turns back to Rita.

MOTHER
(continuing)
Nobody's done nothing wrong.

RITA
Your daughter has been seeing a dope dealer... She's got a new car and that dress over there...

The mother goes to the shopping bag, looks inside and pulls the dress out.

RITA
(continuing)
The man may be a killer... He may be responsible for the death of a lot of people... He gave her that.

The mother holds up the dress. The wind picks up and blows it out of her hands to the veranda where it catches. The woman begins to cry.

KRYSTAL
Don't cry, mom... Don't...

The mother doesn't stop. Now, Krystal starts breaking down. She begins crying also and walks over to her.

KRYSTAL
(to Rita)
What do you want...? I've got nothing... I've never had anything! I haven't done anything!

The wind blows in gusts. Krystal and her mother hold each other and cry openly. Rita watches. The dress and the drapes whip about.

CUT TO:

FRANK'S OFFICE DOWNTOWN

AN ASSISTANT comes in. Frank is on the phone. Frank indicates a cheap recording machine with the lights on.

FRANK
No, Zack. Rita ain't here... Why not tell me, Zack. You don't have to wait for her... Yeah... Yeah, that's right... Some deal... I need to know, Zack. Need to know bad... Double it, Zack... Yeah...

He smiles.

FRANK
(continuing)
Crack house, on Simpson... Yeah... 10567... Yeah, got that... Darlene?... Darlene, a big tall black woman. Talks like Aunt Jemima... Yeah... That's right... She must be 'bout 35 by now... No shit... Fatal Beauty? You cut it? Don't touch it, boy!

The wind blows through the open windows, papers scatter all over.

CUT TO:

A GOLF BAG

being stuffed with automatic rifles and shotguns with extended magazines.

Wolf slings the bag over his shoulder and walks to the parking lot of the motel where a shining white Eldorado convertible is waiting with Blood at the wheel. Sepp stuffs the .44 Magnum in his belt, and picks up a satchel. The "Boys" are dressed in what might be called Las Vegas gangster or late Elvis. The wind whips clouds overhead. The atmosphere is muggy and oppressive. The sky is turning blood red.

SEPP
Smells like rain... Yeah, it's gonna rain.

BLOOD
So fucking hot.

CUT TO:

CLOSE - KRYSTAL'S MOTHER

The wind blows in her hair. Tears stream down her face.

MOTHER
Throw it away... Throw it away!

KRYSTAL

Spinning out onto the veranda wearing a slip. She holds the dress up to her, spinning around like the dancer she is -- graceful, yet frenzied.

KRYSTAL
No!... I'm not throwing it away. Why?... Why!... I'd never had anything! The clothes I wear they take away. I don't have anything pretty in my life. Just men pawing at me! They never gave me anything... They always wanted something... then more... then they throw you away.

RITA
(yelling)
And is he any different?!

Krystal stops, exhausted.

KRYSTAL
I'll never tell you his name... You'll have to find that yourself... I've known him all my life... He's gonna take me out of this. I never had nice things... Now I do and you come along.

RITA
People are dying, honey.

CUT TO:

THE BOYS

cruising through a neighborhood getting worse with each block. The rain starts spattering, but they don't put the top up.

CUT TO:

FRANK

walking up the steps of an apartment house. A KID sits on a chair near the door. The kid is black, about ten years old.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
Don't I know you?... You Darlene's kid?

KID
You got business with my mama?

FRANK
Yeah... I do... I knowed her a long time.

He goes in. Rain starts falling in big drops.

INT. CRACK HOUSE

SEVERAL TEENAGE ADDICTS sit in an overstuffed lounge chair. A YOUNG GIRL whirls around, moving to the music from a Walkman. A tall, wild looking BLACK WOMAN looks up. She could be a voodoo priestess.

FRANK
Hello, Darlene.

She stops.

PUNK
Motherfucker, a cop!

DARLENE
Hold it now... You chillin get out of here... Go in the back room... Mama gonna be with you in a second.

PUNK
You're sure it's cool?

DARLENE
Yeah... Split.. I know him. He is a friend.

The kids leave.

DARLENE
(continuing)
You been eating too many chili dogs, Frank.

FRANK
I don't run no more... Try not to work so hard. You still look the same, Darlene. You look so good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARLENE
Why thank you, Frank. What is it?

FRANK
Fatal Beauty.

DARLENE
Nasty bag...

FRANK
You know it... I want the source...

DARLENE
Who don't... Bad to have... People die... Bad for both of us.

FRANK
Give it to me, Darlene.... I'll make it up to you.

The rain beats down furiously on the roof. Darlene looks up.

DARLENE
Maybe it'll cool off.

CUT TO:

THE BOYS

still cruising, enjoying the rain.

WOLF
Feels sooo good.

A shotgun rests across his lap. Blood pulls the car to a corner. A bunch of MARIELITO PUNKS and KIDS are standing around the entrance to the bar.

LATINO PUNK
Ese Vato! Some Carancha...

MARIELITO
Anglo Maricon... You want to suck me off, Anglo...

The Marielito is a transvestite.

LATINO PUNK
Chingaron!

Sepp looks at the Marielito.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEPP
Come here, camarada...Come on...
Little closer...That's right...

The Marielito does, taunting Sepp. The others come closer.

SEPP
(continuing)
I'll help you out.

He springs out like a rattlesnake, grabs the Marielito's hand, pulling him closer in a spin. The ominous click -- the blade flashes. Sepp stabs him.

SEPP
(continuing)
Pendejo! Puto! Shouldn't get so close!

The Marielito lurches spastically. Sepp lets go of him as the light changes, and the Caddy takes off. They all crack up laughing.

Wolf looks over his shoulder to see the Marielito fall on the pavement. His friends rush around him, screaming. Some of them start running after the car. Wolf howls with laughter as the car loses them easily.

CUT TO:

Rita and Krystal.

Rita crabs Krystal's arm violently and shoves her down on the couch - Krystal's crying is cut short by the violent action. Her mother gasps - the rain hammers with immediacy, the wind blows through the room.

RITA (intense)
Stop! - Stop crying - I never cried. I see myself in you even - only you think you're tough - I never thought I was tough - I knew it! Well let me tell you something sister - one day, you get so tough, so cynical that you turn into leather and then you're no different from the weakness you despise. You're dead leather, one way or the other. I was just like you - but you don't have to be like me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRYSTAL
I'm not - I'll never be.

RITA
That's right - but I still believe in something - do you - does your mother? Now tell me about it - while it still makes a difference.

Krystal swallows - controls a sob.

CUT TO:

FRANK AND DARLENE

Both are sitting down. Darlene smokes nervously. Frank seems right at home.

DARLENE
These three is bad... They been pushing too hard. Street word is the Marielitos and the Familia have had enough. They get in their face, they gonna wast 'em.

FRANK
Sixth... Sixth and Main?

DARLENE
That's right...

FRANK
You got a phone?

She hands it to him. He dials.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FRANK
(continuing)
Officer Rizzoli back yet?... This is Roosevelt... No... She ain't?

He hangs up and starts fiddling in his pocket looking at papers.

DARLENE
You come back again sometime? I miss you.

CUT TO:

KRYSTAL'S APARTMENT - VERANDA

Krystal has been crying for a long time. She seems emotionally wrought -- coughing sobs.

KRYSTAL
I went with him last night. He wanted to score some super-cools. He bought some other stuff, too... some crack... I don't do stuff.

RITA
Where is it?

Krystal goes to a drawer. The mother is still crying in the background. The rain is whipped inside by the wind.

KRYSTAL
Mom... Mom used to be an addict.. She's clean now... She's clean... Here.

She opens the drawer.

CLOSE - A CRACK VIAL

marked Fatal Beauty.

KRYSTAL
There was a packet... He took it, I think. I'll never tell you his name!

She sniffs.

CONTINUED:

KRYSTAL
(continuing)
You can have his dope... It's at Sixth Street... Sixth and Main... I don't care what you do with it, or to them. But I'll never give you his name!

Rita stands up.

RITA
Don't go anywhere, honey.

She's out of the door.

KRYSTAL
You'll never find him... You don't know a thing about it...

The door slams in the wind. The phone rings. Both women stare at it.

CLOSE - PHONE

It rings and rings.

MOTHER
It's him... Don't pick it up!

Krystal's hand reaches for it. Her mother's comes down on top of it. The two women look at each other, shaking, tears rolling down their cheeks.

CUT TO:

A WINDSHIELD - NIGHT

Spotted with steamy rain-- The city, slick and vapOrous, rushes by.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Rita is alone and driving. She pulls out her .45, checks the magazine, puts it back. She checks two other loaded magazines. .

EXT. RITA'S CAR - NIGHT

Driving down into the bowels of the city. The rain has stopped. Steam hangs on the sidewalks, along with all form of human flotsam. Rita cruises slowly. No one pays any attention to her.

CUT TO:

SIXTH STREET - NIGHT

In the distance, the Fatal Beauty factory and the building where the "Slaves" line up. There is little activity around, as if the rain had washed the rats back into the sewers. But they'll be back soon. Into this oddly surreal landscape, out of the steaming mist, glides the Great White Cadillac with Blood at the wheel. Sepp and Wolf just lean back, relaxing, secure in the knowledge that anything getting in their way will either be hurt or killed. They have no fear, no conscience. They are like ancient Vikings lost in these weaker times. The car rolls to a stop. TWO BLACK TEENAGE HUSTLERS stand hassling a WHITE CHICK nearby.

HUSTLER
Get the money, bitch... That'll be five-oh... Or, you don't do shit.

SEPP
Hey!

The kid turns, ignores Sepp.

SEPP
(continuing)
I said, you, nigger.

Both kids turn around, their ego offended, and look into the eyes of sharks.

SEPP
(continuing)
Come here, nigger.

Blood and Wolf get out of the car. The kids now know they are in bad trouble. The girl tries to walk away.

SEPP
(continuing)
Wait a minute, ma'am.

She stops.

SEPP
(continuing; to one of the kids)
Give her what she wants.

The kid obeys. She backs away, Sepp grabs the kid.

SEPP
(continuing)
Good. Now you're gonna watch that car... Anyone touches it, I'm gonna rip your fingers apart down to your elbow.

CONTINUED:

He opens the door. There is nothing in the car.

SEPP
(continuing)
Get in.

Both kids do, held in the grip of an old familiar fear.

SEPP
(continuing)
Don't go anywhere... I would find you wherever you go. I'm the devil, nigger... And you know what's worse?... Huh?

The two kids shake their head.

SEPP
(continuing)
I'm a white man.

The "Boys" leave, walking abreast down the street. Wolf carries the golf bag over his shoulder. Sepp the satchel. Blood brushes his jacket back, his hand holding a grenade.

CUT TO:

FRANK - NIGHT

Pounding on Krystal's door. She opens it.

FRANK
The police officer who was here...

KRYSTAL
I don't know what you're talking about.

FRANK
You know what I'm saying. Don't jive me... Where is she?

KRYSTAL
She left.

FRANK
Where...?

KRYSTAL
Downtown... She went Downtown.

RITA - NIGHT

She gets out of her car parked on a side street and leaves it in the shadows.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She walks out into the filthy light -- not a great place for a woman alone to be -- but she looks like she knows this territory. In the distance, the Fatal Beauty building.

RITA'S LEGS

She starts walking in that superb arrogant gait. She is closing in on her prey.

CLOSE - RITA

A MEXICAN PUNK starts walking alongside her.

PUNK
What you looking for, pretty one?

RITA
Whata you got?

PUNK
Black Sunday, hottest bag on the street. People's Choice. Best flake in town.

RITA
Fatal Beauty.

PUNK
Fatal Beauty, takes the pain away like no other. I take you in for fifty.

RITA
Shit on it.

PUNK
C'mon, your old man ain't gonna miss fifty... Especially someone that looks as good as you do, baby.

RITA
What's your name?

PUNK
Miguel.

RITA
Take me in, Miguel... But you fuck me, and you'll die from it.

FATAL BEAUTY BUILDING - NIGHT

In the doorway a seller, BASCUAL, handles drugs to a hungry clientele.

CONTINUED:

Compared to the rest of the street, this spot is burning. Rita and Miguel walk up to Bascual.

MIGUEL
Bascual, hey... How's it going?

BASCUAL
How's it look.

MIGUEL
Somethin', right? Remember Sammy Chink?... This is his woman.

BASCUAL
I didn't know that fuck had that kind of taste. So go buy it.

He motions them inside.

INT. TENEMENT - NIGHT

The horror show we remember from earlier. The line is longer, the clientele more desperate, all in search of the most potent high. The PROTECTION SQUAD moves through the hall like a South American Death Squad. The line of addicts like a line of the dead.

CREW MEMBER
Let's see it...
(as BUYER shows money)
Let's see it...
(as BUYER shows money)
C'mon... What've you got...

A GIRL CREW MEMBER heads up the line, coming towards Rita and Miguel.

GIRL
Let's see it.

Rita shows the cash. The Girl takes a long look at her.

GIRL
(continuing)
Bills face up, mometta. Miguel...

MIGUEL
What's going on?

GIRL
Close up late yesterday. 'Count of the heat over on Third Street. Lame cracks her skull on the steps...

CONTINUED:

After a last look at Rita, the Girl moves off down the line.

Rita and Miguel wait at the entrance to the purchasing room. Rita notices a thug, CANDY, who sits next to the door, a shotgun in his arms.

CANDY
Go on... Go on.

Rita and her companion move down with the line.

CUT TO:

FRANK

driving like a madman, hurtling through the night. He's on his radio.

FRANK
I have good reason to think there's gonna be a shooting... Officer Rizzoli went in alone, as far as I know.

RADIO (V.O.)
We haven't got many available units... This is Friday night...

FRANK
Send what you have.

RADIO (V.O.)
We'll keep others on standby alert. We can't authorize those units until we have an officer in need of assistance. Do you want to make that call?

FRANK
No... No... But I will... Thanks a hell of a lot!

CUT TO:

FATAL BEAUTY BUILDING - A ROOM - NIGHT

Rafael is sitting at a desk, cleaning it off, while his assistant, JOEY BOY brings him a tray of assorted bills and drugs. Suddenly the door bursts open. A MEXICAN flies through holding his throat. He is followed by Sepp, Wolf and Blood.

RAFAEL
Hey man, what the fuck...?

CONTINUED:

Wolf pulls a Remington 1100 auto shotgun from the gold bag. Blood puts his grenade on the desk, pulls the pin, holding down the spoon. Sepp removes the Schmeiser from the satchel, unfolds the stock and inserts a magazine.

RAFAEL
(continuing)
You never gonna pull this off, man. You can't rip us off!

SEPP
The minute I saw you I knew I'd have to shank you someday... You're fucking us over, Spic... Now you're gonna be dead like you should be. Sack it up, Wolf.

Wolf grabs the money and drugs, grinning at Rafael and Joey Boy.

CUT TO:

PURCHASING ROOM

Rita has reached the head of the line. Another huge thug, GORDITO, sits with an M-16 across his lap, eating a watermelon, while TWO YOUNG GIRLS distribute dope.

GORDITO
What you want?

RITA
Fatal Beauty... twenty-five bags.

GORDITO
What! Lambion chica. Twenty-five bags... Dinero. Where's your shit?

He turns to the Girls.

GORDITO
(continuing)
Ruka... twenty-five bags.

FIRST GIRL
Show her to Joey Boy.

SECOND GIRL
How do we know you're no Chota?

RITA
Come on... One Chota in here... You want to see my money... Not out here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GORDITO
What we do?

CUT TO:

FRANK'S CAR - NIGHT

pulls up near the Cadillac. Frank stuffs an extra 9mm Beretta automatic in his belt. He gets out. The two hustlers are sitting in the Cadillac. They look at him. He glares at them and keeps moving towards the Fatal Beauty building. As he crosses the street, two black and white cruisers come roaring in. He waves them down. PEOPLE scatter.

CUT TO:

CLOSE - RAFAEL

his face contorted with pain as Wolf sticks him with a zapper.

SEPP
Where's the rest, Chili?

Wolf zaps Rafael again, enjoying every minute of it. Sepp has slung the Schmeiser over his shoulder and now holds the .44 Magnum in his hand.

SEPP
(continuing)
You got one chance to live through this... If you make us happy.

Rafael is trying to say something but he can't pull himself together after so much electric shock.

WOLF
No wonder the screws like these things.

RAFAEL
Joey!... Joey... Open the door. Take them in.

Joey opens the door. Wolf pulls Rafael up by the hair.

CORRIDOR

They slam down the corridor of the filthy tenement.

SEPP
You yell or something and it'll all happen right here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLOOD
Yeah... We'd like it.

They slam through the door of another room to find Miguel, Gordito, the two girls and Rita standing over a KOREAN with a large tray of money and brown packages.

FIRST GIRL
Hey, Joey!... We were looking for you...

She sees the "Boys," the guns, Rafael.

FIRST GIRL
(continuing)
... Oh shit.

RAFAEL
Don't yell... They'll kill us.

Rita shrinks back. Lets her bag fall to the floor.

RAFAEL
(continuing; about Rita)
Who is she?

Rita turns away.

RITA
Don't want trouble.

She stays close to the wall, her face turned away. Her hand is still holding the strap of her bag.

RAFAEL
This is it... All of it.

SEPP
How do I know... Open it.

CLOSE - RITA

She recognizes the voice.

CLOSE - SEPP

He glances down.

RAFAEL
You open it, man.

Sepp whips out his blade -- click.

CLOSE - RITA

She turns at the noise.

CLOSE - SEPP

He sees her turn, sees her face.

SEPP
She's a Narc!

Rafael takes advantage of the moment. He slugs Blood in the balls, and breaks for the door.

CLOSE - BLOOD'S HAND

dropping the grenade.

CLOSE - RITA

She dives through the door, pulling her purse after her. She crouches around the corner, gets hold of her gun.

CLOSE - GIRLS

They pull .38's from waistband holsters, only to be blown off their feet in quick succession by Wolf.

BLOOD
Grenade!

The grenade has rolled underneath the dope table. Joey and the Korean jump up on the table. There is a tremendous explosion which blows the table and everything on it, including the dope, money and the two men way up. The smashed Korean is sent flying into Wolf, knocking him down. Money and white powder and smoke are everywhere. Rafael scrambles for one of the Girls' pistols. Miguel has been mortally fragged by the grenade -- falls in front of Rafael.

SEPP
Die, motherfucker!

He blasts Rafael in the stomach.

RAFAEL
(screaming)
Oh God!... Oh Lord Jesus...
Mama... Mama!

Rita fires on Blood, hitting him squarely in the chest, knocking him flat.

BLOOD
Bitch!
(he coughs)
I got Kevlar, bitch!

(CONTINUED) -

CONTINUED:

He starts firing his AR-15 wildly out of control. Now, Gordito, who has been pressing himself against the wall, breaks for the door between Rita and Sepp, just at the moment they both fire. Gordito screams and goes down on his knees. Sepp blows him out of the way.

CLOSE - RITA

She ducks back. Two shotgun blasts blow the door closed. She crouches in the dark hallway with only a little light streaming through the shattered door. Sepp's .44 barks and two more holes appear above her head. Suddenly, the door at the end of the hallway is thrown open and Candy stands there, looking into the darkness, waving his shotgun.

CLOSE - CANDY

He blinks, unable to see anything in the dark and smoke. He fires anyway.

CLOSE - RITA

She fires twice -- a double tap. Candy staggers back. Suddenly he is grabbed from behind and pushed down the stairs. Rita cocks her gun only to see Frank and A UNIFORMED COP carrying a shotgun.

RITA
No, Frank!

FRANK
Rita!

He runs down the hall, she jumps up. He grabs her in his arms.

FRANK
(continuing)
Rita? Rita?

She pulls him down indicating the door. There is screaming then the wall and door are cut to shreds by automatic weapons fire. The Cop who is standing up is shot down. Rita and Frank flatten themselves as best as they can. As quick as the blast came, it's over. Rita and Frank change magazines before she pushes the door open to the devastated room. A white haze hanging in the air. One of the Girls cries softly. Miguel fragged by the grenade stares out moaning incoherently. The "Boys" are gone. Blasted money is everywhere.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE ROOM

Rita and Frank step in quickly through the door -- -- They approach another door on the opposite side of the room. Outside, sirens can be heard.

RITA
They have Kevlar vests. I shot one of them.

Frank takes his 9mm Beretta out.

FRANK
Use that magazine of KTW.

She starts to change magazines when suddenly Blood pops into the doorway. Stunned, ragged, fragged and bleeding from the grenade, but standing as mean as ever, with an M-16 in one hand, a grenade in the other.

RITA
Jesus!

BLOOD
Helloooo, Baby!

He raises to fire. Rita is quicker. She centers him, sending him spinning. Still he hurls the grenade at Frank who ducks it and it goes rolling through the door into the hallway where they have just come from. Frank gets three quick shots into Blood who spins back into the darkness. The grenade goes off, knocking Rita and Frank to their knees without injuring them. Frank gets up and rushes to the stairwell to see Blood running down below him. Frank leans out and fires rapidly.

CLOSE - BLOOD

He is hit and fires back, waving the M-16 wildly. He is hit again. The 9mm bullets are penetrating, the vest is leaking.

Blood is screaming.

BLOOD
Leave me alone! Leave me the fuck alone!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Blood crashes through a door at the same time a police car skids up. He screams and blasts the car with the rest of his magazine.

BLOOD
Eat it, Feds!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He howls with laughter The car is riddled.

He goes to his knees.

BLOOD
(continuing)
Is this it, man?... Is this all there is?...

He falls dead.

CUT TO

ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Wolf steps out from the alleyway. Sepp behind him.

WOLF
Blood!... You killed my bro!

Sepp Schmeisers Frank who goes down. Wolf blasts at him again. Then puts another into the police car. People are screaming. A few distant shots ring out. Sirens. A shot coming from the doorway ricochets on the bricks. Rita. Wolf calmly steps forward, blasting the doorway and forcing Rita back. Then he takes a few steps backwards. Sepp is gone. Wolf turns and runs.

VOICE
There he goes...

Lights blind him as a police car tries to get in front of him. He blasts it four times, blowing out all the glass. He jumps over the hood.

CLOSE - WOLF

running for all he's worth. Guns and grenades falling from his belt.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

The next intersection is more crowded. MEXICANS and POOR BLACKS everywhere. POLICE drawn to the sound of gunfire and sirens. Wolf runs through the traffic, police hot behind him. Shots ring out. People scream.

CUT TO:

FRANK

crumpled over, pellet hit through the stomach and arms -- bad. Rita rushes to him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITA
Get some help! Get me some help!

Frank falls over on his side, breathing hard.

FRANK
Goddamn vests... Don't stop 9mm...

Rita keeps screaming for help.

CUT TO:

STREET - NIGHT

Wolf is running crazily through the intersection, snarling, grabbing at cars which swerve away. He bounces off a VW bug. Bleating red lights of police cruisers come from all sides. Finally, in desperation Wolf hurls himself on a car driven by a MEXICAN WOMAN. She screams.

HER POV

Wolf on the hood staring through the windshield, pounding it with his fists, growling and howling in rage. The windshield cracks but doesn't give. The car careens wildly. He rolls off the side. The woman thinks he is gone, only to have his face reappear next to hers. He reaches through the open window and grabs her throat, while holding onto the mirror with his other hand.

WOLF
Fucking mamacita! You die!

She rolls the window up, trapping his hand which lets go of her throat.

CLOSE - WOMAN

She screams and prays in Spanish. Wolf snarls and tries to grab her again. She accelerates.

CAR

It speeds up, making Wolf fly off the ground, then drags him while he manages to keep his balance and run, howling in rage and pain. The car swerves wildly into the oncoming traffic. A police car pulls next to it, swerves and crashes. The woman's car veers violently out of control, across the street.

WOLF

He sees something coming and screams in horror.

HIS POV

A glass truck, parked, huge panes of thick glass on its side rushing at us.

THE CRASH

Slow motion, shattering, grating, huge shard flying. An unearthly scream of agony like a dinosaur burning in hot lava.

ACROSS WOMAN (SLOW MOTION)

The glass shattering in long jagged shards. Wolf's face drops below the window -- -- his hand clawing at her. Finally the car stops -- wedged. A huge shard hangs overhead like an upright blade. His hand clutching at her. She rolls down the window. The hand falls away. Crack... The heavy pane pivots and falls... Shunk!... Silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

-- where the white Cadillac was. The two Punks cowering in terror. A COP runs up.

COP
Where'd this car go... Which way?

PUNK HUSTLER
I didn't see nothin'! I swear I didn't!

CLOSE - RITA

She looks exhausted -- thousand yard stare.

RITA
He's gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE RITA - DAWN

in a hospital corridor -- white with sickly stains on the walls. This is a cheap hospital. The stench of chemicals and death. She is asleep, her head slumped forward. Lights filter through dirty windows. A NURSE comes up.

NURSE
Officer Rizzoli?

Rita wakes up with a start and looks up at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITA
Yeah...

She looks around.

RITA
(continuing)
It's dawn again... Hot, isn't it? The rain didn't do much good...

NURSE
You've been here all night, haven't you? The other girl told me.

RITA
Yeah... I guess so.

NURSE
I think you better see him now.

Rita takes out her mirror, looks at herself, tries to straighten up.

RITA
I look like hell in the morning... I guess in the morning we look like we really are.

CUT TO:

HOSPITAL BED

Frank, with a window behind him -- the filthy city waking up. He looks bad with tubes running out of him. Fluid dripping. He sees Rita. She takes his hand.

FRANK
You got the other one?

RITA
No... Not yet... But I will.

FRANK
I know.

RITA
We'll find him, Frank.

RITA
I'm killed, girl... It's just you now... I seen enough people shot up to know. Rita?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RITA
Yeah.

FRANK
Don't put my name on no damn wall.

She looks at him, tears running down her face.

FRANK
(continuing)
Get out a here. Get yourself another airplane pilot... You're too good for this, Rita... Now get out. I don't want no one to see me this way. It'll be over soon. Been a long time comin'... Get going.

She starts. Hesitates.

FRANK
(continuing)
Go... on.

She leaves.

CUT TO:

THE CITY MORGUE - MORNING

Rita is walking along the corridor. Trying to keep herself together. She goes through the door leading to the morgue.

LONG SHOT - JERRY

Rita walks up to him. He stands over a sliding table, pulls back a sheet.

JERRY
Your little friend Zack. He was one of your people, wasn't he?

RITA
Sure, he was...

JERRY
Fatal Beauty... There's someone else who wants to see you.

They walk towards a young woman with her back turned standing over a covered body. Rita recognizes the long dark hair.

RITA
Krystal?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Krystal turns around.

KRYSTAL
I am the one who called you, Officer Rizzoli.

Rita looks at the shrouded corpse.

KRYSTAL
It's my mom. She had the bag.

A long pause.

RITA
What's his name?

KRYSTAL
Sepp... But that doesn't matter... He called me. He wants to meet me tonight... Said we're going away. There's an island off the coast of China... the princesses wear bells that were put on their ankles at birth. At dusk, horses dive from cliffs into the sea and swim away... The birds... The birds have colors you've never seen before and they sing at night. I was gonna go there, Officer Rizzoli, but now I'm not. I know what he's done... I know what he is... I'll take you to him. I said I'd be wearing my purple dress.

RITA
Let's go.

CUT TO:

CRACKING PLANT - DUSK

Belching fire and filth into the sunset. Clouds mount up on the horizon. A wind whips at the smoke and flames.

THE ASPHALT PLAIN

Steaming, molten, poisonous. A single light grows and becomes a Harley that roars up into the foreground. Sepp gets off. He's dressed as what he really is: the devil. Black leather, cycle boots, gleaming belt buckle. He looks around, checks his .44 Magnum -- a spare .45 tucked behind his back. He starts walking towards --

AN ENORMOUS EMPTY FACTORY

almost like an aircraft hangar. The hulk of rusted machinery and long slabs of shiny concrete, polished by wear. At the far end we see Krystal's car, its lights streaming through the dust. Sepp stops. Krystal's door opens and she gets out. Her shapely silhouette walks forward and stops in the shadow of a great pillar about twenty-five yards away.

SEPP
What are you stopping for, baby?

KRYSTAL
I'm not going with you.

SEPP
What're you saying?

KRYSTAL
My mom is dead because of your dope. So are so many others... You knew what that stuff was.

SEPP
Hey... They deserved it... Same with your mom... Some day you'll thank me for it. I did 'em all a big favor.

KRYSTAL
I don't know how I ever loved you.

SEPP
You're just confused, bitch... I'm just gonna have to help you out.

The knife flicks out.

SEPP
(continuing)
You'd probably turn me if you could....

He advances. Krystal moves back.

SEPP
(continuing)
You're just not strong enough... Not clean enough... Not pure.

He keeps advancing.

SEPP
(continuing)
You'll never get away... I'm the devil.

She backs into the car lights.

CLOSE - SEPP

He gasps and sees --

CLOSE - RITA

-- wearing Krystal's dress.

SEPP
You!

RITA
You.

They begin to circle -- twenty-five yards between them -- a long shot in this kind of light.

CLOSE - SEPP'S EYES

Cold, inhuman --

CLOSE - RITA

Over the edge.

CLOSE - SEPP

The knife flies into the night. His hand flashes, bringing up the .44 Magnum already blasting.

CLOSE - RITA

She kneels and comes up with the .45. She holds it with her two hands. Double tap -- the blast lighting her face. Concrete fragments at her feet as bullets ricochet off.

CLOSE - SEPP'S .44

-- firing, firing...

CLOSE - RITA

She fires two more shots.

DIFFERENT ANGLE

Hit twice in the chest, Sepp staggers -- coughs.

SEPP
Kevlar!

He raises his gun.

CLOSE - RITA

She squeezes one more off.

SEPP

Hit through the nose, spins back and smashes to the concrete with a wet slap.

RITA

Stands up. She drops the magazine. Her hand drops to her side. Krystal rushes out from behind a concrete pillar.

KRYSTAL
He would have killed me.

RITA
Yes...

She slams a new magazine home, and lowers the gun.

RITA
(continuing)
Live fast... Die young.

DISSOLVE TO:

RITA'S WALL - NIGHT

Rita staring at the wall. There is activity downstairs in the rest of the station, but up in the narcotic department everything seems closed up.

Lights off.

VOICE
Rita... Rita, congratulations. Rita.

OTHER VOICE
She ain't up there. I saw her downstairs.

Footsteps leave. Rita has a brief moment alone. She breathes relief -- looks down.

FRANK (V.O.)
Don't put my name on that damn wall.

NURSE (V.O.)
These are Mr. Roosevelt's personal effects. Personal effects... Personal effects...

She looks down at a large cardboard box on the floor -- stuff spread out over her desk.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NURSE (V.O.)
(continuing)
Is there anyone else to notify?... Notify...

RITA (V.O.)
He didn't have anyone. He was just a cop.

She picks up the phone -- dials.

RITA
Mr. Bonhen, please... Rita Rizzoli.

CUT TO:

CITY AT NIGHT

from Bonhen's pool -- a vast expanse of lights -- always quite beautiful even in the heat. From up here nothing looks too bad.

RITA
I'm tired, Kurt.

She sits on a lounge chair, her shoes off, her skirt above her knees.

RITA
(continuing)
I'm frustrated... It doesn't work, does it?

Bonhen sits behind her looking out and looking at her.

BONHEN
No... You, all of them, the DEA, you're just a nuisance... Like flies.

RITA
Look out there. It's Saturday night... Six million animals looking for it, cruising, killing each other... Screwing each other over... Clawing their way ahead through the blood... For what?... Even their mothers take dope... The kids have no future. Kids used to believe in tomorrow. Tomorrow's worse than today. Just writhing and squirming in pain. I thought I knew better.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BONHEN
What about you, Rita?... Why'd you do it?... What drove you to the life... Or the death?

RITA
Where I grew up, if you had no one and if you were a girl, you became a hooker or a nun.

BONHEN
And you?

RITA
I became a cop.

She turns to him, pulls her legs up under her. He moves to her chair.

RITA
(continuing)
... But I was wrong.

She reaches out for him. He takes her in his arms, kisses her, picks her up and carries her out of frame. The city remains.

CUT TO:

BONHEN'S BEDROOM

The doors open, the drapes blow in a gentle breeze. The moon peeks through. A cloud front over the city. Bonhen carries Rita in slowly, lowers her down on the bed.

CLOSE - RITA'S HAND

She still carries her bag. It swings heavily against his leg.

RITA - BONHEN

He puts her down in the pillows, notices the purse, picks it up. She lets go of the strap. He feels the heft of it.

BONHEN
Heavy... Wonder what's inside?

RITA
I guess... I feel... naked without it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She giggles. He opens it, takes out the zapper.

BONHEN
You won't need this.

He finds mace.

BONHEN
(continuing)
This... or... this.

The .45. He pulls out handcuffs, makes a face. They laugh.

BONHEN
(continuing)
I'll put it away for you... Korba will take good care of it.

She smiles.

He walks through the high ceilinged hallway to the lit part of the house where Korba and the Miskitos watch late night wrestling. Korba stands up sharply, goes to at east.

KORBA
Sah?

BONHEN
You'll give this to Miss Rizzoli when she leaves.

KORBA
Sah.

He takes it, snaps to attention. Bonhen turns.

CUT TO:

CANDY DISH

next to Bonhen's bed, filled with sparkling flake -- golden spoon. He takes a big hit. Music softly plays.

BONHEN
Don't tell me you don't like that... All cops do.

She kisses him, deep and hard. He grabs her, pulling her to him. She pulls back.

CONTINUED:

RITA
Not yet...Take it slow...I want to forget everything.

She rolls away, stands up at the foot of the bed, puts her leg up, smiles and slowly starts unbuttoning her blouse.

BONHEN
(taking another snort)
I've seen strips before

She pays him no mention - turns off a lamp - adjusts the music volume. He sniffs it in. She spins into the drapes gracefully and lets her blouse fall away.

BONHEN
You'd be surprised what happens in here...

She pulls off her skirt.

... She spins, using the curtain expertly, letting the moonlight shine off her thighs. He's getting excited -- takes another big snort -- just shoving the spoon up his nostril.

CLOSE - RITA

her lips parted, breathing harder. She runs her tongue over them till they shine. Her hands brush her breasts, stomach, reveal just enough.

She sways towards him. He takes another quick one -- reaches out. She darts out of reach, sways and comes to him. He pulls her down on him, rolls over. They writhe against each other breathing hard. He seems to be breathing harder than she. She rolls over with him. Suddenly we see his face -- contorted! His mouth goes wide and he begins to foam from his lips. Now he grabs at her -- eyes flashing in horror.

CONTINUED:

She jams her hand over his mouth as he starts to scream. She spins expertly behind him, her other arm around his neck in the classic police choke hold. She can't choke him but she can hold him there while he goes into convulsions on his own dope. His gasping, thumping and muffled screaming is not entirely silenced.

CUT TO:

HALLWAY - KORBA

-- turning out lights, closing drapes. He hears the frantic tussle and hard breathing. Very passionate! He smiles to himself -- some men live so well. He turns off the light and leaves.

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOUDS

building up over the city. Wind gusts up again. The storm front moves in.

DISSOLVE TO:

CURTAIN

waving wildly in the wind. The first rays of light signal a new dawn. A few drops spatter against the windows, carried on the gusts. Rita's face comes into foreground, looking out into the light. The thousand yard stare is gone. A girlish innocence is there feeling the wind, smelling the coming rain. She pulls on a bathrobe, tightens it, goes to the bedside. Bonhen is stretched across the bed, his mouth agape in horror, his eyes wide in death. She takes an empty glassine packet from her hair, puts it on the candy dish.

CLOSE - DISH

The wrapper -- Fatal Beauty.

RITA

She walks through the drapes out into the light. The wind blows her hair. She lets it fall loose. The gusts pull at her robe. Big drops of rain begin to spatter.

POOL DECK

She stands on the edge of the deck looking out over the city -- the trees alive with movement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly she senses someone there. She turns. It is Korba.

KORBA
I was closing the doors... I saw you... Is there... anything you need of me?

RITA
No... I'll be leaving soon. I was just enjoying the storm... It's gonna rain now, and after that it'll be cool and fresh again.

Korba breathes in the wind, smiles.

KORBA
The wind is sweet... From the sea... A new day.

He turns and leaves.

CLOSE - RITA

She stands there as the rain pours down washing across her face -- down her neck, through her robe -- taking away everything that went before. A new day.

THE END